1852.

CARPETINGS.

AND NEW STYLES.—WHOLESALE WARE-
William-street, near Fulton-street, New York.
lete assortment of Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c.,
at the Wholesale Warerooms of the under-
ve all been purchased since the first of Janu-
most celebrated manufactories of Europe and
se; among which may be found patterns strictly
rely new.

ROYAL VELVETS,
ly for city trade.
TAPESTRY AND BRUSSELS,
riety of patterns and colors, the most distingu-
ed in this market.
E PLY INGRAIN AND VENETIAN,
variety, and style; together with an unrivaled

OIL CLOTHS,
n England Germany and America, suited to all
apted to every use. Also,
NISH AND CANTON MATTINGS,
d checked, of various widths, late from the ship,
and new; with RUGS, TABLE and PIANO
&c., all of which will be sold cheaper than ever
at wholesale or retail, for CASH or CLOSE TIME
Coal Holders of Steamboats, Hotels and Pri-
are requested to call as great pains will be taken
every particular. WM. McGORTY,
DAVID WEBB,
126 William-street, near Fulton.

S' PILOSITOUS COMPOUND
by those who use it, the most effectual Hair re-
ner. It is also a beautiful toilet article, remov-
softening and beautifying the hair and skin, re-
e, &c., and is worthy of a place on the toilet-
dy and gentleman. His perenpial compound
restore gray hair to its original color without
are purely vegetable; and to satisfy the incred-
prietor (F. M. McCRAKEN, 70 Bowery, New
klness by contract, at prices varying from $20 to
es gray hair at $10 per hand. For sale as above,
bottle, at 25 cents, with a liberal discount to
osion, sold by A. S. JORDAN, 191 Washington-
delphia, by JOHN C. BAKER & CO., 100 North
in Troy, by E. W. STODDARD. 6514 Congress-
1y

pal Broadway office at DR. SCOVILL'S, 316,
165-1y

N'S MAGNETIC POWDER.
ction of Cockroaches, Bed-Bugs, Moths, Ants,
Fleas, and Insects on Plants.
TED WITHOUT POISON. Also PILLS for the
ion of HAIR and NAILS, within five minutes
rown in their vicinity.
pal Depot, 423 Broadway.
New York, Oct. 5, 1850.
le a chemical examination of the "Vegetable
pared by Mr. Emanuel Lyon, for the purpose of
ects. I do not find it to contain anything delete-
h, and what might be considered poisonous to the
s; but it is very destructive to insects, whenever
ed to inhale the fine particles of dust occasioned
he powder forcibly in places where they frequent.
JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

BELLS.
FACTORY, and STEAMBOAT BELLS, constant-
and Chimes of any number and tone cast to
fibers are Agents for Mr. Geo. H. Holbrook, whol
f the oldest Bell Foundry in America, and whose
for forty years maintained a reputation second to
y received the first premiums wherever exhibited,
been surpassed by any competitor at the various
York, Boston, and elsewhere.
o manufactures Church Organs and Town Clocks
ually, orders for all of which may be addressed to
CHAS. STARR JR. & CO.
117 Fulton-street, N.Y.

TENT MIRROR MANTELS.
riter would call the attention of builders and citi-
rited, to a new and beautiful style of MANTELS,
ible in luster and finish, while the price is so mo-
make it an object to purchasers.
IR FURNACES put up in churches and other pub-
dwellings, &c., in the most approved manner,
rom's system of ventilation, introduced in connec
with the above, ensuring at all times a wholesome air.
attention paid to the ventilation of water craft, on
plan, as used by some of the finest steamers and
the ocean.
GEORGE WALKER, 89½ Leonard-street,
Near Broadway.

E POWERS, THRESHERS, &C.
PATENT HORSE POWERS, THRESHERS
SEPARATORS.—The undersigned have been ap-
Agents for the sale of Emery's new Improve-
ers, &c., &c., in the city of New York, where a
ment may be found at the manufacturers' price-
ription see Albany Cultivator or Genesee Farmer.
s and Hovey's Seeding Machines.
plate of Lime, warranted pure—price 2½ c. per lb.
Guano, Bonedust, Renovating Salts, &c. &c.
LOVEJOY & GRIFFING,
State Agricultural Warehouse,
No. 25 Cliff-street.

FAIRBANKS' PATENT
M SCALES.—Improved in quality and reduced in
adopted to every required operation of weighing, as
ales for Trains or Single Cars, in use on nearly all
railroads in the United States and Great Britain.
Scales, Levers and Platforms, of every variety and
Scales, made entirely of iron and steel. These
been long known and severely tested, and the un-
ence felt in their accuracy and perfect adjustment
ther are now regarded as the Standard, from this a
ersal.
FAIRBANKS & CO., 80 Water-street.

CARHART & NEEDHAM,
L MANUFACTURERS OF CARHART'S PA-
MELODEONS, with recent improvements.
ory at 75 East Thirteenth-street, New York.
, 293 Broadway.
truments are particularly adapted for churches,
60 to $200. 167-26t

PAPER HANGINGS,
D WINDOW SHADES.—A large assortment
at wholesale and retail, at the manufactory of the
Nos. 66 and 68 Chambers-street, near City
yn.
EAMES, HOOGLAND & CO.

URCH ORGA FOR SALE.
in the Eighth-streetwhere the Open House
lish Organ with two sets of keys and pedals.
gans, with eight stops and pedals.
rgans, with five stops, Gothic cases.
gans, with four stops, Grecian cases.
HENRY ERBEN, 172 Centre-street.

FEE, SPICES, MUSTARD, &c.
NGTON & WILDE, 7 and 9 Dutch-street, near
n-street. New York, have constantly for sale a large
orted stock of Coffees, Spices, &c., which they offer on
asonable terms, in quantities and packages, to suit
ll dealers.

ffee, Prep'd Cocoa,	*Pepper, Pepper Sauce,*
do. Mustard,	*Allspice, Indigo,*
do. Nutmegs,	*Ginger, Rice Flour,*
do. Cloves,	*Cayenne, &c. &c.*

This establishment having been before the pub-
r-t twenty-five years, are well known to be as repre-
those bearing the name of the firm may now as ever
on as strictly pure. 179-26t

DENTAL SURGERY.
. ROWELL informs his friends, and the public in
l, that his office for the practice of Dental Surgery
unches, is No. 11 Chambers-street. The practice
ll continues every operation known to the pro-
n the filling, extraction and insertion of single teeth
ration of complete upper and under sets on the
plates. He also inserts pure gold plates when ne-
the restoration of the voice.
Dr. C. S. ROWELL.
No. 11 Chambers-street, New York.

ERY AND UNDER-GARMENTS.
ADAMS, No 491 BROADWAY, import and manu-
e Hosiery and Stocking-knit Under-Garments
ription. Our goods cannot be surpassed in excellence
variety of Styles, and lowness of prices. An exam-
all who are about purchasing, at wholesale or retail
ully solicited. RAY & ADAMS.
erican Hosiery and Under-Garment Manufactory,
No 491 Broadway, opposite Niblo's

RGANS, CHURCH ORGANS.
SCRIBER offers for sale the following Organs,
prices and on liberal terms: One eight-stop
one six stops, do.; one five stops, do. Also, one
d Organ, four stops, very low. Organs constant
nished or nearly so, from four to twelve stops, with
WILLIAM H. DAVIS,
C. C. 67 Macdougal-street

ESALE DRUG ESTABLISHMENT
No. 62 Tracy-street, New York.
INES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, &c.—Ha
d pure, fresh and reliable.
ure, with all the new medicinal compounds, are con-
ered and commanded by us to DRUGGISTS, PH-
CHANTS, CONFECTIONERS, Bakers, Dyers, Perfumers, Machinists
c. also Manufacturers of Cabinet-ware, Printed tissue
, Soap, Matches, &c., and Grocers, Lumber, Church, Kin-
Brewers, and artisans in general, can depend upon
of whatever they may require in our line.
GREENLEAF & KINSLEY,
GREENLEAF, } New York.
KINSLEY. } 185-6m

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, "BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS." BY S. W. BENEDICT.

VOLUME IV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1852. NUMBER 191.

THE INDEPENDENT.

CONDUCTED BY PASTORS OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

In addition to the proper editorial corps, Rev. R. S. STORRS, JR. (S.), Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. (C.), Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER (✱), and Mrs. HARRIET E. BEECHER STOWE (H. E. B. S.), are stated contributors.

OFFICE 24 BEEKMAN-STREET, BETWEEN WILLIAM AND NASSAU.

TERMS—$2 per annum to those who order the paper sent by *mail*, and $2 50 to those who receive the paper by *carriers* or *post-riders* at their door free of charge.

Clergymen who send five names with $10 will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Payment in *all cases* will be required in *advance*.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS.—Seventy-five cents for 16 lines for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

The BOSTON OFFICE of *The Independent* is at the Literary agency of G. W. LIGHT, No. 3 Cornhill.

For the Independent.

"Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of a dull winter day, that John sat in his counting room. The sun had nearly gone down, and in fact it was already twilight beneath the shadows of the tall, dusky stores and the close, crooked streets of that quarter of Boston. Hardly light enough struggled through the dusky panes of the counting-house for John to read the entries in a much thumbed memorandum book, which he held in his hand.

A small, thin boy, with a pale face and anxious expression, significant of delicacy of constitution and a too early acquaintance with want and sorrow, was standing by him earnestly watching his motions.

"Ah, yes, my boy," said John, as he at last shut up the memorandum-book. 'Yes, I've got the place now; I'm apt to be forgetful about these things; come, now, let's go. How is it? haven't you brought the basket?"

"No, sir," said the boy, timidly. "The grocer said he'd let mother have a quarter for it, and she thought she'd sell it."

"That's bad," said John, as he went on, tying his throat with a long comforter of some yards in extent; and as he continued this operation he abstractedly repeated, "That's bad, that's bad," till the poor little boy looked quite dismayed, and began to think that somehow his mother had been dreadfully out of the way.

"She didn't want to send for help so long as she had anything she could sell," said the little boy, in a deprecating tone.

"Oh, yes, quite right," said John, taking from a pigeon-hole in the desk a large pocket-book, and beginning to turn it over; and, as before, abstractedly repeating, "Quite right! quite right!" till the little boy became re-assured, and began to think, although he didn't know why, that his mother had done something quite meritorious.

"Well," said John, after he had taken several bills from the pocket-book and transferred them to a wallet which he put into his pocket. "Now we're ready, my boy." But first he stopped to lock up his desk, and then he said, abstractedly to himself, "I wonder if I hadn't better take a few tracts."

Now it is to be confessed that this John whom we have introduced to our reader, was in his way quite an oddity. He had a number of singular little *penchants* and peculiarities quite his own—such as a passion for poking about among dark alleys, at all sorts of seasonable and unseasonable hours; fishing out troops of dirty, neglected children; and fussing about generally in the community till he could get them into schools or otherwise provided for. He always had in his pocket-book a note of some dozen poor widows, who wanted tea, sugar, or candles, or other things such as poor widows always will be wanting. And then he had a most extraordinary talent for finding out all the sick strangers that lay in out-of-the-way upper rooms in hotels, who everybody knows, have no business to get sick in such places, unless they have money enough to pay their expenses, which they never do.

Besides this, all John's kinsmen and cousins, to the third, fourth, and fortieth remove, were al ways writing him letters, which, among other pleasing items, generally contained the intelligence that a few hundred dollars was just then exceedingly necessary to save them from utter ruin, and they knew of nobody else to whom to look for it.

And then John was up to his throat in subscriptions to every charitable society that ever was made or imagined,—had a hand in building all the churches within a hundred miles; occasionally gave four or five thousand dollars to a college: offered to be one of six to raise ten thousand dollars for some benevolent purpose: and when four of the six backed out, quietly paid the balance himself and said no more about it. Another of his innocent fancies was, to keep always about him any quantity of tracts and good books, little and big, for children and grown up people, which he generally diffused in a kind of gentle shower about him wherever he moved.

So great was his monomania for benevolence that it could not at all confine itself to the streets of Boston, the circle of his relatives, or even the United States of America. John was fully posted up in the affairs of India, Burmah, China, and all those odd out-of-the-way places which no sensible man ever thinks of with any interest unless he can make some money there; and money, it is to be confessed, John didn't make there, though he spent an abundance. For getting up printing presses in Ceylon, for Chinese type, for boxes of clothing and what-not to be sent to the Sandwich Islands, for school books for the Greeks, and all other nonsense of that sort, John was without a parallel. No wonder his rich brother merchants sometimes thought him something of a bore, since his heart being full of all these matters he was rather apt to talk about them, and sometimes to endeavor to draw them into fellowship, to an extent that was not to be thought of.

So it came to pass often, that though John was a thriving business man, with some ten thousand a year, he often wore a pretty threadbare coat, the seams whereof would be trimmed with lines of white, and he would sometimes need several pretty plain hints on the subject of a new hat before he would think he could afford one. Now it is to be confessed the world is not always grateful to those who thus devote themselves to its interests, and John had as much occasion to know this as many another man. People got so used to John's giving, that his bounty became as common and as necessary as that of a higher Benefactor, "who maketh his sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust;" and so it came to pass that people took them as they do the sunshine and the rain, quite as matters of course,—not thinking much about them when they came, but particularly apt to scold when they did not.

But John never cared for that. He didn't give for gratitude; he did not give for thanks, nor to have his name published in the papers as one of six who had given fifty thousand to do so and so; but he gave because it was in him to give, and we all know that it is an old rule in medicine as well as morals, that what is *in* a man must be brought out. Then, again, John had heard it reported, that there had been One of distinguished authority who had expressed the opinion that it was "*more blessed to give than to receive*," and he very much believed it—believed it, because the One who said it must have known, since for man's sake *he* once gave away ALL.

And so when some thriftless, distant relation, whose debts John had paid a dozen times over, gave him an overhauling on the subject of liberality and seemed inclined to take him by the throat for farther charity, John calmed himself down by a chapter or two from the New Testament and half a dozen hymns, and then sent him a good brotherly letter of admonition and counsel, with a bank note to enforce it; and when some querulous old woman who had had a tenement of him rent free for three or four years, sent him word that if he didn't send and mend the water-pipes she would move right out, John sent and mended them. People said that he was foolish, and that it didn't do any good to do for ungrateful people; but John knew that it did *him* good; he loved to do it, and he thought also on some words that ran to this effect, "Do good and lend, *hoping for nothing again*." John literally hoped for nothing again in the way of reward, either in this world or in heaven, beyond the present pleasure of the deed: for he had abundant occasion to see how favors are forgotten in this world; and as for another, he had in his own soul a standard of benevolence so high, so pure, so ethereal, that but One of mortal birth ever reached it. John felt that do what he might, he fell ever so far below the life of that *spotless One*, that his crown in heaven must come to him at last, not as a reward but as a free eternal gift.

But all this while our friend and his little companion, have been pattering along the wet streets, in the rain and sleet of a bitter cold evening, till they stopped before a grocery. Here a large cross-handled basket was first bought, and then filled with sundry packages of tea, sugar, candles, soap, starch, and various other matters; a barrel of flour was ordered to be sent after him on a dray. John next stopped at a dry goods store and bought a pair of blankets, with which he loaded down the boy, who was happy enough to be so loaded; and then, turning gradually from the more frequented streets, the two were soon lost to view in one of the dimmest alleys of the city.

The cheerful fire was blazing in John's parlor, as, returned from his long wet walk, he was sitting by it with his feet comfortably incased in slippers. The astral was burning brightly on the center table and a group of children were around it—studying their lessons.

"Papa," said a little boy, "what does this verse mean? It's in my Sunday-school lesson! 'Make to yourselves *friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.*'"

"You ought to have asked your teacher, my son."

"But he said he didn't know exactly what it meant. He wanted me to look this week and see if I could find out."

John's standing resource in all exegetical difficulties was Dr. Scott's Family Bible. Therefore he now got up, and putting on his spectacles walked to the glass book-case, and took down a volume of that worthy commentator and opening it read aloud the whole exposition of the passage together with the practical reflections upon it; and by the time he had done, found his young auditor fast asleep in his chair.

"Mother," said John, "this child plays too hard. He can't keep his eyes open evenings. It's time he was in bed."

"I wasn't asleep, Pa," said Master Henry, starting up with that air of injured innocence with which gentlemen of his age generally treat an imputation of this kind.

"Then can you tell me now what the passage means that I have been reading to you?"

"There's so much of it," said Henry, hopelessly, "I wish you'd just tell me in short order, father."

"Oh, read it for yourself," said John, as he pushed the book towards the boy, for it was to be confessed that John perceived at this moment that he had not himself received any particularly luminous impression, though of course he thought it was owing to his own want of comprehension.

John leaned back in his rocking-chair, and on his own private hook began to speculate a little as to what he really should think the verse might mean, supposing he was at all competent to decide upon it. "Make yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," says John, "that's money, very clearly—how am I to make friends with it or of it? Receive me into everlasting habitations? that's a singular kind of expression—I wonder what it means. Dr. Scott makes some very good remarks about it—but somehow I'm not exactly clear." It must be remarked that this was not an uncommon result of John's critical investigations in this quarter.

Well, thoughts will wander, and as John lay with his head on the back of his rocking-chair and his eyes fixed on the flickering blaze of the coal—visions of his wet tramp in the city, and of the lonely garret he had been visiting, and of the poor woman with the pale discouraged face, to whom he had carried warmth and comfort, all blended themselves together. He felt too a little indefinite creeping chill, and some uneasy sensations in his head like a commencing cold, for John was not a strong man—and it is probable his long wet walk was likely to cause him some inconvenience in this way. At last he was fast asleep, nodding in his chair.

He dreamed that he was very sick in bed, that the doctor came and went—and that he grew sicker and sicker. He was going to die. He saw his wife sitting weeping by his pillow—his children standing by with pale and frightened faces—all things in his room began to swim, and waver, and fade, and voices that called his name, and sobs and lamentations that rose around him, seemed far off and distant in his ear. "Oh eternity! eternity! I am going—I am going," he thought; and in that hour, strange to tell, not one of all his good deeds seemed good enough to lean on—all bore some taint or tinge to his purified eye, of mortal selfishness, and seemed unholy before the ALL PURE. "I am going," he thought, "there is no time to stay, no time to alter, to balance accounts; and I know not what I am, but I know, O Jesus, what THOU art. I have trusted in Thee, and shall never be confounded"—and with that last breath of prayer, earth was past.

A soft and solemn breathing as of music awakened him. As an infant child not yet fully awake hears the holy warblings of his mother's hymn, and smiles half conscious, so the heaven-born became aware of sweet voices and loving faces around him ere yet he fully woke to the new immortal LIFE.

"Ah, he has come at last; how long we have waited for him—here he is among us—now forever—welcome! welcome!" said the voices.

Who shall speak the joy of that latest birth, the birth from death to life! The sweet, calm, inbreathing consciousness of purity and rest, the certainty that all sin, all weakness and error are at last gone forever—the deep, immortal rapture of repose—felt to be but begun—never to end!

So the eyes of the heaven-born opened on the new heaven and the new earth and wondered at the crowd of loving faces that thronged about him. Fair godlike forms of beauty such as earth never knew pressed round him with blessings, thanks, and welcome.

The man spake not—but he wondered in his heart who they were, and whence it came that they knew him—and soon as the inquiry formed itself in his soul it was read at once by his heavenly friends. "I," said one bright spirit, "was a poor boy whom you found in the streets, you sought me out, you sent me to school, you watched over me, and led me to the house of God, and now here I am." "And we," said other voices, "are other neglected children whom he redeemed—we also thank you." "And I," said another, "was a lost, helpless girl—sold to sin and shame, nobody thought I could be saved, everybody passed me by till you came. You built a home, a refuge for such poor wretches as me, and there I and many like me heard of Jesus, and here we are." "And I," said another, "was once a clerk in your store. I came to the city innocent, but I was betrayed by the tempter. I forgot my mother, and my mother's God. I went to the gaming-table and the theater, and at last I robbed your drawer. You might have justly cast me off, but you bore with me, you watched over me, you saved me. I am here through you this day." "And I," said another, "was a poor slave girl—doomed to be sold on the auction block, to a life of infamy, and the ruin of soul and body. Had you not been willing to give so largely for my ransom, no one had thought to buy me. You stimulated others to give, and I was redeemed. I lived a Christian mother to bring my children up for Christ—they are all here with me to bless you this day, and their children on earth, and their children's children are growing up to bless you." "And I," said another, "was an unbeliever. In the pride of my intellect, I thought I could demonstrate the absurdity of Christianity. I thought I could answer the argument from miracles and prophecy, but your patient, self-denying life was an argument I never could answer. When I saw you spending all your time and all your money in efforts for your fellow-men, undiscouraged by ingratitude, and careless of praise, then I thought, 'there is something divine in that man's life,' and that thought brought me here."

The man looked around on the gathering congregation and he saw that there was no one whom he had drawn heavenward that had not also drawn thither myriads of others. In his life-time he had been scattering seeds of good around from hour to hour, almost unconsciously, and now he saw every seed springing up into a widening forest of immortal beauty and glory. It seemed to him that there was to be no end of the numbers that flocked to claim him as their long expected soul-friend. His heart was full, and his face became as that of an angel as he looked up to One who seemed nearer than all, and said: "This is thy love for me, unworthy, Oh Jesus. Of Thee, and to Thee, and through Thee are all things. Amen."

Amen, as with chorus of many waters and mighty thunderings the sound swept onward and died far off in chiming echoes among the distant stars, and the man awoke.

We have called his name simply *John*—but this man hath long since been called to receive that "new name" which the Lord giveth to him that overcometh. Let us follow in his steps.

He who marks from day to day
With generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Savior trod,
The path to glory and to God.

H. E. B. S.

For the Independent.

THE NEW YORK NEEDLE-WOMAN.

We wound through a dark, filthy street, towards East River, working our way among gangs of men and bold women, and stumbling over heaps of refuse, until we stopped before a low house. My companion—Mr. Pease, the missionary—knocked, and we entered a small, neat room, apparently a workroom, where several women were just putting up some shirts. It seemed very small for so many, and very near the foul odors from the street; but we had no time to look about, as the young woman for whom Mr. P. inquired, came in and asked us in a pleasant voice to step into the other room. She had seen much better days once, Mr. P. had told me; was the daughter of a colporteur, and he knew her for a simple, religious woman—a very handy needle-woman, too, he said, the best of all whom he knew. The room where she worked was very small, not more than 12 feet by 6 feet, but remarkably neat, with one or two good chairs and a bunch of artificial flowers on the mantel-piece, I remember—perhaps to remind her of what she never saw in these days.

As I took my seat near the window, the air which came in involuntarily made me turn away; it was so full of a noisome smell from some drain or sewer behind the house. The light by which she had been working still burned on the table, a little camphene lamp, so faint that I could hardly have read a small type with it.

Mr. P., who knew her well, at once asked to see her work. She did the fine stitching alone of a shirt, the cutting and basting being done by the other girls in the front room. The work looked, at least to an uninitiated person, of the best order, the stitches were very hard to find, and the collars and the cording of the bosoms very fine and neat. It was full three-quarters of the work on a shirt, Mr. P. said. For this she was paid *twelve cents a shirt*,—the other girls often received only *eight cents*. They worked commonly from 7 o'clock till 7, and could stitch from three to four shirts a day, earning in the average two dollars a week. Their board was never less than $1 50 the week, and their washing cost them, unless they did it themselves, 37½ cts. or 50 cts. Then there were fuel and lights to buy, and though she did not say so, with it all the terrible chances of sickness and accident.

She herself worked from *five* in the morning till *eleven* at night, and could stitch six shirts a day, stopping only a very short time for her meals. Perhaps to the daughter of the religious man, the alternative which sickness and poverty might present, was more terrible than to the others, and she worked as if Death was behind her. Her eyes had failed her, she said, during the last winter, from working so long by lamp-light, and she had feared she should get behind-hand, but she was doing well now. How she bore it all was a wonder to me, though she looked much healthier than the seamstresses in the other room. Mr. P. said afterwards that her constitution was breaking down, and that she spent hours in weeping. Her manner and appearance bore out all that she had said beforehand. There was a natural refinement about her which made us involuntarily address her as we would any lady. She did not complain, except to say that "she was certain she could get much safer and better work, if she only knew where to find it." And so with all the sewing-women; they do not dare to leave the shops which employ them, "for fear they shall lose everything!" Though she uttered no complaints, the weight of sadness in her expression of face spoke keenly.

"There is a very favorable specimen," said Mr. Pease, as we went out, "of a class numbering thousands and thousands in this city, many of them once in good circumstances. This woman is an uncommonly quick needle-woman and can earn from $3 to $4 a week; still the slightest accident would put her back, and she has no friend but myself in the city. Many of them have not one human being who cares for them. They can earn eight cents for a shirt or fifty cents for a pair of pantaloons, and just keep above water. Let sickness come, and——"

The thought was completed by a sight we were passing in the same street, only a few blocks nearer Broadway from the house of the seamstress. A high, brilliantly-lighted building—a company of well-dressed gentlemen going up the steps—the opening door showing richly-carpeted stairway, and the sparkle of glittering chandeliers and gilded cornices. Through the dense curtains of the window, came the music of a piano and gay laughter.

On the one side Loneliness, Drudgery almost without hope, narrow means, a noisome home; and beyond the dreary Present, the grim vision of Death by starvation. Here but a few steps, and luxury, ease, money, companions—a life of riotous pleasure and forgetfulness. These the two lives always before the needle-woman.

But take this other picture, still from Mr. Pease. We had returned to his parsonage, and were talking over these matters when a young woman entered the study with his wife—a quiet, sweet face, with an expression of confidence and gratitude towards them both, which was beautiful to see.

She conversed a little with us on indifferent matters, very appropriately and intelligently. "That girl," said Mr. P., after she had gone out, "I saved a few months ago from the worst hole of the Five Points. I was going over 'Cow Bay,' as it is called—a house entirely filled with negroes—distributing tracts one Sunday. In one of the top rooms I found a white family, and as I had come to visit the negroes, I did not stop, but merely wished them 'good morning,' and went out. My conscience however reproached me, and I returned and held some conversation with them. After a little while I noticed a young girl, crouched up in one corner, with scarcely any clothes upon her, in the greatest destitution, but with a book in her hand! I went up to her, took it, and found it a blank-book, with various pieces of poetry written in it. It was her brother's, she said; and on my requesting her she read some verses, very well indeed. But how have *you* come here?—I asked. She was the daughter of a mechanic, she said, who had died some years ago, and left her and her mother to take care of themselves. Her brother had supported them both, and given her some education; but a few months ago she had died suddenly, and she herself was left to make a living with her needle. This she did for a while, but gradually fell out of work; then went from one cheap boarding-house to another, sold all her things one after another, and finally her clothes, and took up lodgings in this place, sewing for the family. Her brother was in the navy, and she had no friends; she did not know what to do!

"Poor girl! would you like to come over to the missionary's house and do work there, till you can get a place?"

"Oh, God! yes," said she; "I shall be so glad!" bursting into tears. It was like stepping from death into life, to her. I knew she must be an honest woman—said he—even in that place; for with her beauty she need never be in rage in such a den!

She had been, Mr. Pease said farther, a most industrious dressmaker in his house, and there was such an affectionate way to the girl, such a quiet gratitude, and so much purity and intelligence in her, that he had resolved to educate her thoroughly. He handed me the book of poetry—the only relic of other days to the beggared sewing-girl. The first lines at which the book opened, almost of itself, were these, on *Childhood's Home*.

"Our early home, that place so dear,
In memory I could trace—
Could almost feel the burning tear
Fall from a mother's face.

"That childhood's home's deserted now,
That mother's voice is still;
And the winds breathe soft and low
Sad music from the hill."

It must not be supposed that these cases are uncommon. Mr. Pease himself can tell you of scores similar—of women starting in life happily, driven to their needle for support, and forced by this accursed, extortionate system, to the lowest possible wages which could support life; and then, urged down from one extreme of poverty to another, till the terrible choice stares them in the face, of starvation or prostitution! There are hundreds and hundreds, too, of whom no man knows—the lonely, the weary, the heavy-laboring women. From them—and we can say it with more pity than indignation—come the vast multitude of guilty, hopeless creatures in our city.

Why is not something *done*? Why cannot our *routine piety* be broken in upon? There are Christian merchants in our city—who figure in churches and give their hundreds to missions—who wring their wealth from the narrow earnings of these women; not that they are hard-hearted always, but thoughtless. Putting down one's name for $200 a year to the American Board, is a regular Christian duty, every one knows: but to get anything but the most work at the least cost from the worker, that no one enjoins, except Him who hath said, "*Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's services without wages, and giveth him not for his work.*"

Beyond all others, can our merchants do much to relieve the fearful and increasing misery of our city. Their business habits, practical power and energy, applied to Reform here, would change the whole aspect of the lowest wards. One model boarding-house, for instance, for needle-women, erected in a vile quarter, with cheap apartments, reading-rooms, bath-rooms, sewing-rooms, supporting itself with a moderate profit to the owners, after the manner of those in London, and giving a pleasant home, cheaper than their own vile lodgings, to the seamstresses, would do more to check this fearful crime and poverty, than any other enterprise whatever. It would be the best religious effort, for it would best open this wretched class for religious influence.

One word as to Mr. Pease. Not every man is so adapted for such a work; but where there is one he demands the support of Christian men—a heroic, manful, self-devoting life, in the dark, foul places of the world. There is a kind of æsthetic piety springing up amongst us now, which revolts at soiling its fingers or breaking in on its sweet meditations, for such real and dirty work. It is not our fathers' piety—men who battled with the foulest realities; it is not the piety of Christ, the companion of "publicans and sinners." No: such a life as this missionary's comes nearer to the ideal the Bible gives us of a Christian manhood.

To go down into the dark places of the earth and raise up the helpless and forsaken; to stand for the weak against the strong, precisely because these creatures are vile and filthy and brutal; to labor that they may be pure again; to be a friend to those who have no friend or helper; to become a servant of the lowest, even as He was upon earth;—still, for Mr. Pease's peculiar work is needed an old and steady hand.

C. L.

FROM OUR IOWA CORRESPONDENT.

THE DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP IN HOME MISSIONS.

In my last letter I reviewed, briefly, the proceedings of the last N. S. General Assembly, and endeavored to show what would be the *practical* working of the new scheme for "church-extension." It must be manifest to every reflecting mind that it will tend to increase the existing jealousy and irritation, and result at no distant day in a violent rupture of present relations, leaving both parties in the union in a state of mind far from desirable, and which it will require years to overcome. There are few judicious and far-seeing individuals, I believe, in either denomination, who suppose that present relations can be permanently or even long maintained. A division is inevitable. Shall it take place *now*, and while it can be accomplished amicably and in good feeling, or shall it be staved off until an explosion occurs? That is the great question; and I urged and shall urge the adoption of the former alternative *for the honor of religion, from a regard to efficiency, for* THE SAKE OF PEACE, *and because I desire to sustain friendly relations with our Presbyterian brethren.* Let me state some of the considerations which weigh in my mind in favor of a speedy and amicable division, and answer some of the objections which are raised.

First, then, "it will make for peace." The two systems of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism are essentially different, and so different that they cannot harmonize in their workings. In Congregationalism the churches are independent and self-governing; in Presbyterianism they are "under tutors and governors." The former cannot brook control and interference on the part of ecclesiastical bodies with which they are connected; the latter look to them to direct and superintend their affairs. Now, as you have well said, "*it is the nature of presbyteries to interfere*" with the local concerns of communities and to regulate the churches. Of course, acting out their nature, there will be interference, and what you term being "busy-bodies in other men's matters" will be constantly occurring. The Presbyterians divide off the country into sections, and put over each an ecclesiastical body to superintend the interests of religion and all ecclesiastical matters, much as do the Romanists and Episcopalians, who, however, commit the work to single diocesan bishops instead of bodies of *associated bishops*. These associated bishops regard it as their business to regulate local affairs, and in the discharge of their functions they must continually come in collision with the principles of Congregationalists. The latter can leave each community and church to settle its form of government and to manage its affairs for itself, but the former are continually tempted to interfere, nay, *it is their duty to do so, according to their system*. And here lies the great secret of the trouble which has grown out of the attempted union. While one party holds aloof, the other interferes, and this excites animosity and jealousy, and causes collision, and it never can be otherwise. The very "Plan of Union" itself is a violation of a fundamental principle of Presbyterianism. *It provides that a Congregational minister may be settled over a Presbyterian church without joining Presbytery or being amenable to it, and vice versa.* But according to Presbyterianism every church is under the control of presbytery, and no minister can be installed who is not amenable to the same body. It is an anomaly to have a church connected with presbytery that is not under its government, or to have the pastor of a church which is under its control independent of the body that rules the church. And hence, when I remonstrated once with a Presbyterian clergyman for insisting that a minister must join presbytery before he could be installed over a Presbyterian church, and told him it was a violation of the "Plan of Union," he frankly said, "*You can carry out the 'Plan,' but we cannot.* The genius of our system does not admit of it. A presbytery cannot put a man over one of its churches, and not be able to call him to account and hold him responsible to it for his conduct and teachings." And hence, the practical working of the "Plan" to make ministers Presbyterians. And hence, also, in this State, while *our* missionaries let the people decide their form of government, and even organize Presbyterian churches, I do not believe a case can be found in which Presbyterians have left the question to the people and organized a single Congregational church. Now who does not see that friction is the inevitable result of trying to make such different kinds of machinery work together! There cannot be permanent peace. It could not exist under the old Presbyterian *régime*, and it is evident that it cannot long under the new. Let us separate, then, and each party work by itself, and the great occasion of jealousy and collision will be taken away. There is quite as much, if not more, good fellowship and harmony between Congregationalists and O. S. Presbyterians at the West, than between the former and N. S. Presbyterians, and all simply and only because in the one case there is no attempted union of diverse systems and in the latter there is. Besides, *if each denomination used its own resources of men and money only*, there could be no ground for mutual jealousy and suspicion of unfairness or imaginary loss or undue gain of advantages. It stands to reason that this is the way to promote peace. No man can reside on the ground where the two systems are brought together and not see that all the existing trouble arises from the sources I have pointed out; and it is because our eastern brethren are far away, and do not look upon the *practical* operation of things that they do not realize it. The idea of union is delightful in *theory*, and a nominal union looks well *at a distance*, but it is impracticable and a source of discord in fact. *It is bringing two powerful machines together, the cogs of whose wheels do not "mesh together,"* to use a mechanic's phrase, and the result is a fearful collision, jarring, and ultimately a tremendous "break."

Let a dissolution of the external union then take place amicably, and each denomination, left *to work in its own way and with its own resources*, would busy itself about its appropriate work instead of watching its partner or interfering with his concerns. I am satisfied that there would be more *harmony* and a better state of feeling in that case than now exists, or ever can again exist under present arrangements. I advocate the change, then, I repeat, FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE. I feel the force of the words, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," and therefore I wish to remove all possible cause of disaffection. I advocate the division not out of hostility to Presbyterians, but because I desire to remove all ground of enmity, to be on terms of fellowship with them.

Secondly, I advocate the division, *because it would increase the actual efficiency of both denominations.* If it were possible to remain united in peace, yet *on this last ground* I would say, dissolve the partnership. And it is a little remarkable that no one has discussed this point, so far as I know, except myself. Every body has been so enamored of an apparent union, and so absorbed in efforts to maintain it from an honest love to their brethren, that they have not thought whether we were not purchasing it at too dear a rate—*at the sacrifice of efficiency*. As it now is, both parties have a common fund, and that fund being tolerably large and meeting the pressing necessities of the A. H. M. Society, they are content. Whereas, were the two denominations separate, each would be stimulated to greater liberality and effort, and in a short time, I doubt not, *each would raise as much money and accomplish as much work, as they both now do united*. Judicious men, who have reflected upon the subject, have given this as their opinion. It appears by the statements in the General Assembly, that the resources of the Presbyterians have not been called out because they could draw on Congregational funds, and *the church-extension scheme has been adopted in order to be able to appeal to denominational pride and feelings*. I have no doubt the effect will be greatly to augment the whole amount raised. The great argument is that the denomination has not felt its responsibility and done what it could, and it never will till it acts by itself.

Now let the division take place and two societies for Home Missions be formed, and each denomination will be made to see and feel its individual responsibility as it is not and will not now be felt, and each will set in earnest about doing its own work, WITHOUT DEPENDING ON THE OTHER. It would have been a blessing to N. S. Presbyterians, if at the excision they had been thrown wholly on their own resources, and been made dependent on their own efforts, instead of leaning on Congregationalists. The same principle holds in reference to associations and individuals—make them dependent on their efforts and it will develop their energies and resources, and cause them to "show themselves men." Has not this been illustrated in the past—in respect to O. S. Presbyterians and Congregationalists? Had the old union continued, the whole Congregational and Presbyterian body united would not have raised more for Home and Foreign Missions than is now raised by the A. H. M. Society and the American Board. But being thrown off by themselves, the O. S. body are obliged to put in requisition all their means, and they do four times as much, probably, as they would if connected with us. And so it would be with the New School.

Besides, I for one do not believe in overgrown boards. I think there is a limit to the efficiency of any one board, and a point beyond which it cannot go in carrying on the work of benevolence and in drawing out the resources of the churches. The American Board can go about so far, but with all their efforts they

before the uses, to which they are designed, are effected in the smallest degree; and for many years after they have begun to succeed, the 'block,' the 'fixed capital' expended at first, is regarded as the source of present gain. Apart from the actual converts already gained, (no mean number, however,) we consider the 'block' of Indian missions one of the greatest results attained. A most valuable and effective agency has been prepared and set going; and long will it be before the results of labors, hitherto done, are exhausted and cease to flow. Of this we shall speak more fully hereafter. We will only mention a single fact here, to show the folly of too great haste in looking for the spiritual fruit of missions in India. In the beginning of the present century, the Rev. D. Palm was sent by the London Missionary Society to the province of Jaffna in Ceylon; but, after several years' labor, the mission was reported a failure, and it was abandoned. The missionaries of the American Board entered upon the abandoned station; and, on coming to Tillipally, the natives immediately brought to their notice a lad who had been one of Mr. Palm's scholars. He became their *first* Tamul schoolmaster, was baptized in 1824, was licensed as a catechist, and died as such, after exhibiting for many years a consistent Christian deportment. "The fruit of six coconnut trees, near the mission-house, planted by Mr. Palm, and of which the American missionaries have eaten for thirty-five years, is but emblematical of the higher fruits they have gathered from the labors of one whose mission was accounted a failure."

To form a sound and correct judgment on this matter, we must examine the missions in Hindustan by the measure of success which has been granted to other missions in other ages and in other countries of the world. We must find cases parallel to our own in all their bearings, and judge of our own results by theirs. To do this thoroughly would require an immense induction of a great variety of particulars, and would lead us away from the immediate object of this paper. We can only indicate therefore, in few words, the view we hold of this important subject. We cannot compare the modern missions in Hindustan with the establishment of Christianity among the Franks by Clovis; among the Saxons by Charlemagne, after a thirty-three years' war; among the Danes by Otho the Great; in Norway, by Olaus Trygvesen, or his successor, Olaus the Saint; among the Sclavonians, by the Dukes of Saxony; among the Russians, by Vladimir; or in Prussia, by the Teutonic Knights. Most of these missions were missions of force, not of persuasion; they were carried on by warlike governments with swords and spears;—not by believing men, who aimed to enlighten and convert. Neither can we compare them with the Spanish missions to Mexico and Brazil, or with the missions of the Portuguese and Dutch in this very country. Persecution, civil disabilities and fraud, are the agents which the Savior of men bade his followers employ in Christianizing the nations; and we have wisely given them up. We must, therefore, for a just comparison, fall back upon the early missionary success of the apostolic age, or look to modern missions in other lands. A glance at both will help to put our position in India in a clear light.

The missionary labors of the apostolic age were grand in their character, rapid in their operation, and gigantic in their results. But from what agencies did those results spring? We must look for them not merely from the day of Pentecost;—not merely from the time when the preacher began to declare the Gospel message of mercy. The work of preaching to be successful must have ready hearers as well as zealous teachers; and although it was only from the day of Pentecost that men began to hear, yet the Providence of God had been preparing the minds of the hearers for more than three hundred years previously. For more than three hundred years she had been moulding the nations, uniting them together, removing hindrances and creating facilities, for the conversion of the world; and it was not till the "fullness of time" was come; not till all these preparations were completed, that "God sent forth his Son." Without due attention to this important fact, we cannot correctly estimate the progress of Christianity in its first establishment. By the wars which took place during those centuries, old societies were broken up and old nations scattered; while the frequent intercourse of different nations with each other tended to expand the minds of all. The universal empire of Rome became the means of binding all those nations by one common authority under one common law, especially when accompanied by the great privilege of Roman citizenship. The wonderful spread of the Greek language, of Greek manners and Greek notions, tended to the same end. The different religions of the world were brought into contact, and their follies and mutual contradictions brought them all into contempt. Philosophy tried to fill up the void produced, but miserably failed; and the desire for religious truth, being unsatisfied, led men to look for a special deliverer, who was to enlighten all nations. The dispersion of the Jews also wonderfully aided the desired result. From the days of Shalmaneser, they went eastward; from the days of the Ptolemies, they went westward; until Syria, Asia-Minor, Greece and Italy, were filled by their synagogues and their religious discussion. By their zeal for Judaism, they gained over thousands of proselytes, and so annoyed the old idolatrous parties as to draw down on their head severe persecutions. Under these circumstances it was that the pure Gospel of Christ was preached, 'with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,' accompanied with the gift of tongues and the power of working miracles; and the influence of this grand and extensive preparation met with magnificent success. How differently placed is the work of missions in India at the present day! With the apostles the preparations were completed; with us they have had to begin. With them old things had passed away; with us they exist still. They had but to reap; we have to sow. Who can wonder then that with few agents, in a foreign clime, and speaking foreign tongues, the work in Hindustan has fallen, and will continue to fall, short of the splendid results which they attained?

Neither do we find an exact parallel between missions in India and the successful missions of modern days elsewhere. We cannot compare them with those in Greenland, or South Africa, or the West Indies, or among Brainerd's Indians, or in the South Sea Islands. A mighty difference meets us at the very outset. The tribes in these localities were uncivilized in the last degree; while the Hindus have a civilization extending back more than three thousand years. These were without a written language; these have thirteen polished languages, each with its own character, and an extensive literature in one of the oldest languages of the world, the Sanscrit. Those were debased and ignorant, while the Hindus are educated. In those reason was undeveloped; in the Hindus it is perverted, and has become an enemy far more difficult to deal with. Those had but few gods and a small number of priests; these worship numerous principal deities, honored by expensive festivals, by a daily ritual, and upheld by a powerful and exacting hierarchy. Those had fettered the natural ties of kindred and social union with no unnatural laws; but the Hindus have superadded to natural ties the stringent rules of *caste*, the breach of which renders the transgressor a vagabond and an outcast. Even with all the facilities for the progress of truth among those tribes, years passed in each instance before great results were attained in the conversion of many souls. What delay, therefore, might we not expect in Hindustan, amid the numerous difficulties which its case presents?

The circumstances of our Indian missions seem to us altogether unique and peculiar. In its idolatries, India resembles other lands, it is true; but in its numerous ancient and venerated shastras; in its lordly and powerful priesthood, the monopolists of its ancient learning; in its well-bound family system; and, above all, in its bonds of caste, it presents difficulties and obstructions to the progress of Christianity, such as it has not met before. Triumph it will over all these obstacles; it has begun to triumph already; but there may, there must be delay, before complete triumph is achieved; and when it does come, it will be one of the most signal and illustrious that the world has ever seen. The dam, which stands before the trickling rill, and leaves its tiny waters to fall in slender strings over its grassy ridge, shakes, quivers, fills before that rill, swollen to a mountain torrent, and pressing forward its pent-up waters. And thus is it with Christianity in this 'day of small things.' Caste may form a barrier to its passage; but the knowledge of the Gospel is increasing and accumulating among the people, whom the bonds of caste restrain. Already has it begun to shake, and its defenders, fearful of a crash, have rushed to its defense; but they cannot stay the weight and force of Christian truth. In due time their system must give way; and there will be a steady and continuous flow of Hindu families into the Church of Christ.

We look, with some satisfaction, on the little band of native converts already gathered from among the people of India. They may be few in number; but they are proofs that the work of the Church has not been carried on in vain. They are an earnest of the great results at which missionaries aim, and which must ultimately follow. They may be few in number; but considering the difficulties that have been encountered in the first instance, we have a fresh point encouraging in relation to the future. It has been shown that the ratio of their increase is steadily progressing. A statistical paper, laid before the Missionary Conference in Calcutta, a few years ago, showed that in lower Bengal, exclusive of Krishnaghur, the accessions of native converts to the Christian Church had been made thus:—

From 1793 to 1802,	27
" 1803 to 1812,	161
" 1813 to 1822,	403
" 1823 to 1832,	675
" 1833 to 1842,	1,045
In 1843 and 1844, *two years*,	485

With the increased agency now employed, and its greater efficiency, we may hope for results far higher and more numerous than these.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29.

NOTICE.—*All business letters should be addressed to the Publisher of the Independent, and all communications for the paper, to the Editors.* By observing the above notice, correspondents will save much inconvenience at the office.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

By the following official notice of the Secretaries, it will be seen that the Prudential Committee have deemed it advieable to alter the place of holding the annual meeting this year. It will be held at Troy, N. Y., instead of Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 7th of September, at 4, P. M. The attendance will doubtless be very large, from the central position of the place of meeting, in the very focus of the travel of the season.

MISSIONARY HOUSE, Boston, July 23, 1852.

It having been ascertained that it is not expedient to have the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Cincinnati, so early as the day appointed for it in the month of September, and the Prudential Committee not having power to change the *time* of the meeting, though they may, for sufficient reason, the *place*, the meeting of the Board will be held the present year in *Troy, N. Y.*, and commence on Tuesday, the 7th day of September, at 4 o'clock, P. M. The members and patrons of the Board will please take notice of this change.

R. ANDERSON, S. B. TREAT, S. L. POMROY, } *Secretaries.*

THE ALBANY CONVENTION.

In common with other Congregationalists, we are obliged to our Presbyterian brethren of the *New York Evangelist* for their friendly notice of the proposed Convention at Albany. The *Evangelist*, looking at the subject from its own point of view, is of opinion that "a closer unity than now subsists between the separate sections of the denomination would be desirable, on all accounts, and to all parties." It also says that "a better acquaintance with each other, including a better knowledge of the doctrines and practices which prevail respectively at the East and the West, would be likewise desirable." And it refers to the very great edification which the Presbyterian church gets from its General Assemblies, as an illustration of what Congregationalists may expect from a Convention.

This reference to the utility of Presbyterian General Assemblies is instructive, and we hope it will be well considered by all who expect to be members of the Convention, and by the Congregational ministry and churches generally. Do we want a Presbyterian General Assembly? Would the purity and peace, the health and growth of our churches be promoted by anything of that kind? Those of us who remember the General Assemblies of 1835, 1836, and 1837, and who have watched the progress of denominational development in meetings of that sort down to the present time, are prone to believe that *such* meetings, with the opportunities which they afford for the formation of parties, and for the growth of party spirit, are on the whole, by the law of their nature, productive of more evil than good. Let us take General Assemblies for a warning rather than for a model.

The *Evangelist* expresses its friendly hopes on this wise:—

"We shall congratulate, therefore, our Congregational brethren, if they succeed in establishing such an organic and widely-extended ecclesiastical association, as shall bring all parts of the church into the knowledge and sympathy of every part, and secure for it the visibility and influence of one compact and organized ecclesiastical body."

In other words, the *Evangelist* will congratulate its Congregational brethren if they succeed in transforming their simple, scriptural, and time-honored system into some sort of mongrel Presbyterianism. Doubtless, just in proportion as the *Evangelist* is hearty in its Presbyterian profession, it will be hearty in offering its congratulations to its Congregational brethren, whenever they shall become wise enough to renounce, or foolish enough to forget their own first principle, that a church is a church, and shall take up the contrary principle, that a church is not a church, but only a local fraction of some sectarian unity called "*the* church." Doubtless the *Evangelist* would most sincerely congratulate its Congregational brethren on their adoption of right principles, if it could see them going about to establish "an organic and widely-extended ecclesiastical organization," such as shall secure for "the [Congregational] church" "the *visibility and influence of one compact and organized ecclesiastical body.*"

But we trust that the hopes of our Presbyterian friends, in this respect, will not be realized. Nay, we are sure that such hopes cannot be realized. If there are any nominal Congregationalists unwise enough to make an attempt in that direction, they will surely be disappointed. Indeed, if there are any nominal Congregationalists, who think that "*the* church" should take the form of "an organic and widely extended ecclesiastical association," and who are made uneasy by a suppressed or avowed hankering after "the visibility and influence of one compact and organized ecclesiastical body," we counsel them to lay down the Congregational name and connection, and to unite themselves forthwith with "*the* Presbyterian church of the United States of America." Nor, if we were of that way of thinking, would we stop short of *that* Presbyterian church which has already purged out from its system the leaven of Congregationalism as if it were the very "leaven of the Pharisees and the leaven of Herod;" for we could not enjoy ourselves in a communion which has yet to pass through the uncomfortable process of separation and purgation before it can be completely centralized and consolidated.

We have no authority to speak, in advance, for the Convention; nor have we any special knowledge concerning the views of those by whom the Convention has been called. But everybody who will look at the call, can see that the Convention is strictly an occasional meeting, called simply on account of an existing emergency, for the one purpose of inquiry and consultation. There is no reason to suppose that any person who has had anything to do with the call, or who expects to have any part in the Convention, dreams of any such anti-Congregational project, as that for the success of which the *Evangelist* is hoping. Indeed, we are not aware that even the idea of making arrangements for future conventions has been entertained in any quarter. The delegation from Massachusetts is security enough—if any security were needed—that nothing will be done in the Convention that can compromise at all that independency of the churches which is the first and most distinctive principle of Congregationalism.

The Convention will have no power to control the future action of the Congregational churches on any subject whatever. It will have no power to control the action, or in any manner to overrule the individual responsibility, even of its own members. It will be simply a meeting of Congregational brethren from the East with Congregational brethren from the West, for conference and inquiry on Home Missions. The question, we trust, will not be, how to advance Congregationalism as a sectarian interest, or how to baffle the schemes of the various sectarian organizations that are scrambling for the ascendancy at the West, or how we may win the victory in the strife of sects; but only, how we may most efficiently do our part in the work of filling the whole land with the light of the Gospel, and with the organizing and civilizing power of Christian institutions.

CHRISTIAN EFFORT, IN THE CITY.

We have hardly called the attention of our readers earnestly enough to the articles successively appearing in the columns of our first page, from the pen of our friend and collaborator, C. L. Those who have followed him with delighted attention through England, Austria and Hungary, will not refuse we hope to follow him now, through the dens and horrible hiding-places of Guilt and of Want in our own city. Nay—they will not, we hope, refuse or fail to *do*, with their hands, with their money, with their personal assistance and endeavour, whatsoever they can do, to alleviate the suffering, to mitigate the fearful duress of want, and to counteract and purify the moral degradation, which he so vividly and faithfully pictures. Read the article on the first page of this week's paper, and see if further incitement is wanted to read what may follow it. We who call ourselves Christian men, and who hope that we are such—that we have in us something of the unwearied and encompassing benevolence of our Master, that we have devoted ourselves with all that we possess, to his service on earth—we, who have families that are our solace and our pride, and whom we would not for the world have exposed to the sorrow and the temptation of the seamstresses visited by Mr. Brace—is there not something that WE can do, to make the lot of such persons easier? Is Tract-distribution, or Bible-distribution, all useful as these are in their several spheres, an adequate answer to this tremendous and harrowing appeal, from helplessness and privation? Is occasional or even profuse and wide-reaching charity, a just answer to it? Shall not something be devised, more durable, ample, and effectual than these, or than any form of street-preaching or colportage, in the aid of such classes?

Socialistic theories will have right to be, and will have right to claim the attention and the effort of able and philanthropic minds, if there be not energy and virtue enough in Christianity to meet these appalling developments in cities. The sooner all classes of Christian persons give to these that attention which they instantly need, the better for them, for the objects of their assistance, for our common Christianity and our common civilization. Let each speak his thoughts, in sincerity and kindness; till thoughts ripen into plans, and then let plans be incorporated and realized in action, for the glory of God, and the great good of men.

IS IT TRUE?

"Dr. Bushnell's Unitarianism is more palpable than Dr. Channing's was, in the day of our separation, and there is in Connecticut a public conscience to see it and act upon it. Dr. Bushnell in his way is a powerful man; but it would, in this day, require one more powerful than he, to make Unitarianism and Calvinism dwell together in unity as a loving sisterhood. If it be true, as is alleged, that Dr. Bushnell has, among the young ministers of Connecticut, many admirers and followers, who will adhere to him, his doctrines and his fortunes, lead where they may, there will most assuredly be in Connecticut an Orthodoxy and a Unitarianism as distinctly marked and as widely and practically separate as in Massachusetts."

This is from the *Puritan Recorder*. Thus distinctly and repeatedly does that journal affirm that Dr. Bushnell is a Unitarian. *Is this true?* If it is not true, in the current acceptation of the word Unitarian, it is a wicked falsehood; for though it may have been said inadvertently, inadvertence in such a matter, and in such circumstances, is itself a sin, and cannot be accepted as an adequate apology.

The Unitarians are a well-known religious party, or body, in this country. Do they claim Dr. Bushnell, or acknowledge him, as a Unitarian? Have not Unitarian Reviewers denied and denounced his doctrine of the Trinity?

Does not Dr. Bushnell, notoriously, hold, teach, and preach the supreme godhead of the Lord Jesus Christ? Does he not recognize, at the same time, a personal distinction between the Father and the Son? If so, what else is it than a palpable violation of the ninth commandment, when the *Puritan Recorder* pronounces him—peremptorily and without qualification—a Unitarian?

The question is not whether Dr. Bushnell has published grave theological errors. It is not whether fidelity to the truth requires from other churches a sentence of non-communion against the church which retains him in the pastoral office. Still less is it whether the Fairfield West Association has acted wisely and in full accordance with Congregational principles. It is simply whether those who say—after the similitude of the instance to which we are directing the attention of the public—that Dr. Bushnell is 'palpably' a Unitarian, speak the truth before God, or that which is the opposite of truth.

We are perfectly willing that all who believe Dr. Bushnell's views to be essentially dangerous or inconsistent with the substance of the Gospel, —or even all who merely believe him to have erred in matters of doctrine, and have tried in vain to convince him,—should, either silently or with words of testimony, cease to have fellowship with him. But if he cannot be put down without calling him that which he is not, we say, Let him alone. It is better that the end should fail, than that such means should be employed to compass it.

A POSSIBLE 'ACCIDENT,' NEARLY ACTUAL.

Having occasion some weeks since to go to Albany, to save time and patience we took the Evening Express train: leaving New York at 6 o'clock, P.M., and reaching the hill-side City at 10½. It was a quick ride at that—a hundred and fifty miles in four-and-a-half hours. But it is often accomplished in less time, and has lately been brought, we observe, inside of three hours. As we were flying over the rails, at the rate of forty miles to the hour, across one of the deep bays which the road bridges, the thought very naturally arose—'What, exactly, would become of this Train and its passengers, if a rail should break, under this tremendous tread of the Locomotive? or if a wheel should give way, in some tender spot?' And when the question was once up, it was hard to lay it on the table entirely. It was like an Anti-Slavery petition in Congress. Though down, it would not *stay* down. Clearly, there was no way but to answer. And, equally clearly, there was but one answer to be made to it. It was a case of most 'manifest Destiny.'

If a wheel breaks, or a rail, (as they not unfrequently do), on the level tract, where the rails are nearly flush with the surface of the country, the cars may be thrown from the track: they probably will be, if the speed is up to the boiling point of forty miles to the hour. But no great damage will ordinarily be done. The engineer and fireman, and the passengers who stand on the platforms, are alone likely to suffer. If the same accident occurs in a deep-cut, the liability to injury is somewhat greater; especially if it be a rock-cutting. If it occurs on the brow or side of a steep descent—as last winter on the Erie-road, when cars, passengers and all were rolled down a precipitous hill into the Delaware—the chances of severe and general injury are much increased. If it occurs over deep water, as on a bridge, or on sections of the road built through still waters,—if *there* the cars are overturned and thrown off from the track, as they last winter were thrown off from the Erie-road,—the imminent probability is that very few will escape. The cars that strike the water must sink, almost instantly. And how any considerable number could get themselves out of them, within the half minute occupied by the catastrophe, or after it had occurred—is a problem to be solved when the time comes. The chance is, that fearfully few would accomplish it.

As our readers will see in another column, an event like that which we were thus led to think about came near happening last week. The cars ran off at Stockport, near Hudson, through the carelessness of the Switch-tender; and the locomotive, tender, and baggage-car were precipitated into the water and *entirely submerged*. The passenger car fortunately lodged upon the mass of wreck beneath, and did not go under; and the other cars were thrown toward the water but not into it. This was not the Express, but a way-train, from Albany to Poughkeepsie. Suppose the same event to have happened to an Express-train—or rather suppose it to have been thrown from the track not by the displacement of a switch near a station, when its speed was reduced, but by the breaking of a rail or wheel when its speed was at the highest—and the reader will see how far our anticipations about the consequences to be realized are just and grounded. It would be an unusually tractable passenger-car that would stop atop of the baggage-car in such case.

We see that an invention is proclaimed from the western part of this state, by which it is made impossible for a train to be thrown from the track, at any rate of speed. Whether this be a real and useful invention or not, we do not know; but until it, or something accomplishing more perfectly the same end, is introduced on the Hudson-River railroad, the speed of the trains ought certainly to be reduced in crossing the deep water or running on its edge. It is not true that the chance for general destruction is no greater at Sixty miles to the hour than it is at Thirty. It increases very much as the speed does.—This Road is the last one in the country, too, that ought to run its trains on the Sabbath. Whether there be 'special providences' or not, the habit of directly disobeying one of God's commands is an immensely *bad* habit for a road that has fully enough risks about it, as most carefully managed.

AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The *Home Missionary* for August contains an official explanation of the "position of the American Home Missionary Society," which will be instructive to any who may have expected that the Executive Committee of that institution would be found ready to become a mere instrument under the control of an ecclesiastical organization. We commend the document to the careful attention of all whom it concerns. It sets forth, calmly and clearly, the principles on which the Society was originally organized, and by which its action has been governed for more than a quarter of a century, and it gives assurance that these principles will not be surrendered. The conclusion is as follows:

"Those who feel interested to know whether the future policy of this Society will be different from what it has been in time past—will understand, that so far as regards the employment of agents and the part allotted to them, there is no prospect of any change; that its independence of ecclesiastical control, as resulting from its voluntary character, must continue as it has ever been; that its resources will operate with ecclesiastical bodies of each and all the denominations who have hitherto given it their confidence, will of course be the same as formerly, and on the same principles; such co-operation being in proportion to the cordiality and good faith which shall be manifested towards the Society by those bodies.

"It has seemed needful to say this much in reference to the position of the Society, because the action of the late General Assembly on Home Missions, has left the public in doubt as to its probable effect on the Home Missionary Society. A part of that action speaks of co-operation with the Society; another part contemplates a kind and mode of operation not compatible with its principles. Some of the newspapers devoted to the interests of the Presbyterian Church, speak of the action of the Assembly as entirely in harmony with the voluntary principle; while others regard that action as the commencement of a new era, from which the principle of *co-operative benevolence is to be 'entirely repudiated.'* Such expressions awaken apprehension as to the actual, if not the intended bearings of the whole movement. Minor ecclesiastical bodies, however, and many prominent individuals in the Church, express their determination to adhere to the principles of the Society, whatever may have been the design of the recent action. Our friends and patrons may rely upon it, that those principles, so dear to our fathers, and by them incorporated with the foundations of our charitable institutions in the best days of American benevolence, will be firmly adhered to by the officers of this Society."

A RARE FAMILY-SCHOOL, FOR YOUNG LADIES.

There are so many of our friends who have daughters to educate, between the ages of ten and sixteen, for whom they desire the most choice and thorough religious and literary training, who may feel it a personal advantage to know of the existence of the school designated below, that we have felt an embarrassment in distributing a few of the circulars which have come into our hands, and so have determined to print one, and be impartial. The excellent and accomplished Lady who has planned the school will we hope excuse the liberty we thus take. We must add, further, as of our own knowledge, that in location, in the character and the extent of literary instruction given in it, in the serene and charming Christian spirit pervading and marking it, and in the silent hourly influences of refinement and culture instilling their pressure upon the minds of its pupils, this school will be found to be really what we have described it in our title—a rare and admirable one. We speak as a parent, having daughters of our own, knowing the tenderness and the pride of parental love for them, and mindful of what we say. The affectionate watchfulness over sentiments and manners, the diligent and rich training to be afforded to the mind, the thousandfold elevating and purifying influences over all the nature, to be met in this school, can very rarely be secured, at any cost:

"MRS. B. B. EDWARDS proposes to teach a select boarding-school for young ladies, at her house in Andover, Massachusetts. The studies pursued in our higher female seminaries will receive attention in this school. It will differ from some others in the following particulars:

"The number of pupils will be limited to ten or twelve, and those between the ages of ten and sixteen would be preferred. In consequence of this limitation, it is hoped that a decidedly home influence will be exerted on the pupils, and that the school will be, in the very strictest sense, a family school. The means of influence over the scholars will be, not merely the recitations from text-books, but also familiar conversations, social readings, a general friendly and maternal intercourse. The aim of the teacher will be to form the taste of her pupils for a pure and choice literature, and especially to superintend their moral and religious culture.

"There will be two terms in the year; the first commencing September 15 and ending March 8; the second commencing April 12 and ending July 31. Besides the eleven weeks of vacation indicated above, there will be one week of recess about the first of January.

"The pupils are requested to come provided for gymnastic exercises, and also for walks and rambles with a teacher.

"The expenses of the school will be $250 per year, including tuition in the various branches of a liberal and comprehensive course of English study, and in the French and Latin languages. For instruction upon the piano there will be a separate charge of $40 per year, or $10 per quarter, and $3 per quarter for the use of the instrument. Instruction will be given in German and Italian, at $10 per quarter each; and lessons in drawing at $5 per quarter. Fifty dollars will be paid in advance at the beginning of each term, and the remainder at the close of each term.

"Information with regard to the character of the school may be obtained from the following gentlemen:

Rev. President Woolsey, and Professor E. E. Salisbury, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. President Hitchcock, Amherst, Mass.; Rev. Dr. Anderson, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Dr. Sears, West Newton, Mass.; Professor C. C. Felton, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. S. C. Jackson, and Mr. S. H. Taylor, Andover, Mass., and the Professors in the Andover Theological Seminary.

Andover, Mass., July 22, 1852.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PIONEER OF THE GREAT WEST.—We have received from a venerable friend at the West, a series of papers on the life and character of *Henry Clay*. But we fear that the publication of them in our columns would be inconsistent with our engagements, and would require the exclusion of some other subjects for which our weekly sheet is even now not large enough. The manuscript is subject to the author's order. If it is not called for, we may make room, within a few weeks, for some of the incidents which it records.

W. O. C.—We publish the note which comes with this signature—not to contradict it, but for the sake of the warning which it gives to us and to our correspondents. Let us take heed to ourselves in all humility;—let us take care that we do not unconsciously "depart from the old landmarks of theological doctrine." While we treat our friends of "the Unitarian body" with all courtesy and kindness, and while we hold ourselves ready to learn from them whatever *good* thing they are able to teach us, let us beware how we "advance toward" their system of doctrines or their method of theologizing. The "old landmarks of theological doctrine," this side of the New Testament, are not indeed infallible; nor are they to be regarded with a superstitious reverence, like that with which the Ephesians kept "the image which fell down from Jupiter"; but he who finds himself departing from them, should take heed to his ways, and "search the Scriptures" to see what *they* have testified.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The "Boston Correspondent" in the last number of your paper, made some remarks concerning Unitarians which were quite acceptable, though somewhat one-sided. "The conference and prayer-meeting maintained by the Unitarians has also been characterized by a spirit most animating to the hopes of evangelical Christians." Good. "Orthodox ministers, who were present in Rev. Mr. Coolidge's church, Beech-street, on Friday morning, were as much gratified as surprised." Good. It is pleasant to be able to say of the reality, "The half was not told." "It is evidence of the spread and power of evangelical sentiment in that body." What do you mean by "evangelical"? Vital? Spiritual? If so, very good. "There is the most cheering proof that many of the ministers and people among these children of the Puritans are returning to the faith from which they have departed." Not the least proof in the world. On the contrary, Brother "M. S. N." has himself been sitting upon a wandering planet, which now having reached its aphelion, has been coming towards the central Truth. To be sure the disk of that Truth has been growing bigger, and he supposed that the body itself was approaching *him*. This is a very natural mistake. He has only mistaken the *apparent* motion for the real. The truth is, Brother "M. S. N." and others of his brethren have been slowly and steadily departing from the old landmarks of theological doctrine, and have been continually advancing toward the Unitarian body. *We* also have been coming toward him. The only mistake with him is, that he supposed the motion all on one side. I am afraid he has not properly attended to "heaving the log." Brother "M. S. N." and myself have been coming down from different sides of the Central Sun; and we may *meet* at last, around that center. In many respects I should adopt the language of "M. S. N.," and say, "There is the most cheering proof that many of the ministers and people among these brethren of the *Orthodox* are returning to the faith from which they had so far departed." For an evidence of this, read such a paper, for instance, as *The Independent*.

W. O. C.

WINDSOR, VT., June 6.

FROM OUR REGULAR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, July 8, 1852.

To the Editors of The Independent:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Since I have no subject of actual interest to write about for this mail, I have thought it may interest some of your readers to hear some literary or rather bibliographical news from this country. It must be acknowledged, French Christian literature at the present day is as poor as yours is rich. It has not always been so; we too, Protestants of France, had, in our day, a rich supply of Christian intellectual food: witness the numerous old yellow, wormeaten volumes which are the ornament, as well as the best part of my library; but the violent persecution which so long fell upon us, in destroying the church destroyed the nursery of true doctors, and drove away those whom it did not put to death, and there was a long silence. No more Calvins, or Fabers, or Bezas, no more Daillés with profound learning, no more Dumoulins for powerful, popular, as well as learned controversy against Rome: no more thinkers or preachers or writers like Amyraut, Claude, Mestrezat, Michel Lefaucheur, Basnage, and scores of others. When, after the revolution of 1789, the Protestants began to enjoy some freedom, there were no men among them prepared either by studies or piety, to become their doctors. It is only when true religion, not merely Protestantism, found its way among us that we began again to seek for knowledge, and to obtain some. Yet from that time (1820) to the present day our Christian literature has been chiefly borrowed from foreign countries; Germany and England and America, but mostly England, have supplied us. Being few, and half the time persecuted, and actively engaged in the arduous work of evangelizing the millions perishing around them, the French Christians had very little of the leisure necessary to study and write books. Many, however, have been written, and it would be interesting to review them briefly; but I said I would give you some *news*, and therefore I leave the past to speak to you of the present.

One of the happiest things to mention is the printing here of the manuscripts left by that noble-minded and beautifully gifted man, Alexandre Vinet. The man, the Christian, the moral philosopher, the writer, everything was admirable in him. He was born, and lived, and died in Switzerland; but he was *ours* in the best sense of the word, and we of this generation claim him as our best instructor. Several volumes have already gone out of the press, taken from his manuscripts; lately his *Theologie pastorale*, the second volume of his *Studies on contemporary literature*; the second volume of *Gospel studies*; one volume of *Moral philosophy* and one of *Gospel meditations*. We hope to get soon his *Homiletics*, one of his most finished and beautiful efforts. A couple of volumes, or three more, and it will be all, from that remarkable man. *The Life of Christ*, of Neander, has just been translated and published. M. Ad. Monod furnishes us every now and then with some fine *sermons*. Rev. Henri Monnerou of St. Denis has published lately an excellent *Paraphrase of the first epistle to the Corinthians*. Prof. Falaquier has given some short but interesting works, one on the *Authenticity of the New Testament*, another on its *Inspiration*, and another on *the Christian question judged by common sense*. There is in preparation, and to be published before long, a work of great interest for the history of the reformation in Italy and France; it is or rather will be entitled *Renée*, Duchess of Ferrare. The great and successful researches of the author, M. Bonnet of Paris, the abundance of original information which he has gathered, as well as his general learning, warmth of heart and brilliancy of style, promises us a perfect treat when the work appears. M. B. is already known by his work on *Olympia Morata*.

But the best piece of news I have not yet told; it is that of the publication for the first time of all the unpublished correspondence of Calvin. His letters, scattered through all Europe, in the libraries, royal archives, private or public places, have been hunted up, discovered, copied, and are to be published shortly, by the same young author of *Olympia Morata* and *Renée of Ferrare*. It is a rather curious story. Some time about the latter part of 1847, M. Bonnet, professor of history in one of our colleges, had spoken rather freely in his lectures of some points of history which the Church of Rome does not like to have brought to light. The professor was bitterly denounced by the Papist clergy, and as Louis Philippe was ready to grant them anything, they obtained the dismissal of the young professor. Some persons of mark took then that affair into their hands and obtained from M. Guizot, then Prime Minister, that he should repair toward M. B. the injustice by which he had lost his situation. In consequence it was decided that M. B. should receive the mission of gathering the *historical letters* of Calvin, scattered over Europe. Preliminary steps were being taken for that purpose when the revolution of February broke out. M. de Lamartine being a personal friend to M. B. continued him the mission he had received, and sent him out to Italy, Germany, Switzerland, &c. But time passed on, and ministers of state with it; Lamartine passed away, Cavaignac passed away, every honest man passed away, until our poor betrayed republic found herself in the hands of a ruthless despot and a host of Jesuits!

Of course the enterprise of publishing even *Calvin's historical letters* was abandoned, and our friend Bonnet left alone. But he had gathered up treasures and found him way to others. Having found friends to help him he has continued what he had begun; instead of limiting himself to special letters, he gathers them all, and will shortly give the world these precious remains of the great Reformer. . . . *Vestigia semper adora!*

At the same time the *Commentaries of Calvin* on the New Testament, almost impossible to find now in France, are to be reprinted verbatim from the beautiful Badius's edition. America has a hand in this affair. A noble-hearted friend of truth of that country has done what was necessary to render possible that magnificent publication (4 great 8vo volumes of 800 pages in two columns). Rev. M. Pilatte, who has been intrusted with the supervision of the work, is pushing it forward, and will get it through—no mistake.

But, gentlemen, the sun is getting terribly hot; decidedly this is not the time to write long letters. If I go in the country, I may like you, fortunate American editors, send some easy meditations of rusticating life, but for the present, under the sun of Paris and by 39 degrees (Réaumur), the best I can do is to stop, and subscribe myself yours,

FRANC PARLEUR.

P. S. In politics, nothing new, except some vague rumors of military conspiracies against M. Bonaparte.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, July 26, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—"Old Harvard" has held her anniversaries during the past week, and they have awakened more than usual interest. First in order was the sermon before the graduating class of the Divinity School on Sabbath evening by Rev. Dr. Stebbins of Meadville, Pennsylvania. It was upon the Divine Authority of the Sacred Scriptures, and was a discourse eminently satisfactory to such as reverently and practically believe the Bible. Dr. S. maintained the sufficiency of the Scriptures,—they were sufficient *historically*, *rationally*, and *ethically*. It was an able and Christian defense of the Bible against the assaults of open or covert infidelity. On Tuesday the public exercises of the graduating class of Divinity students took place in the University Hall. There was at least the usual diversity as to literary excellence in the performances, and a diversity amounting to perfect contrast in the sentiments advanced. There was negative, word-criticising rationalism,—there was a warm and *evangelical* Unitarianism, and there was Calvinism of the oldest and least modified type. For the first time, we presume, since the school was established, one of the graduates publicly espoused and defended "old Calvinism." So strange was the sight, so unused the language, that at first, some of the hearers imagined they were listening to an ironical attack upon the ancient faith of the Institution. The imagination, however, soon gave way before the down-right earnestness, and even enthusiasm of the speaker. The fact is, that one of the class, Mr. Joseph B. Tufts, has within a few months past, been led by the reading of John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards, to adopt the orthodox system of belief, and from being a member of no church whatever, to connect himself with Rev. Dr. Albro's church in Cambridge, and to ask and obtain licensure to preach from the Suffolk North Association of orthodox Congregational ministers. Judging by their performances there are other members of the class, who, without leaving the platform of Unitarianism, have yet approached very near to Orthodoxy, affirming a doctrine of the Spirit, and of the Sonship of Christ quite in keeping with the evangelical system.

On the following day, the Commencement exercises proper took place. The graduating class numbered 87,—the largest that ever graduated. The day after Commencement was however the great day of the week. It was devoted to a college Festival under the direction of the Association of the Alumni. The morning was occupied by business, when a plan was reported and adopted for establishing a system of scholarships in the College. Two thousand dollars shall be requisite to found a scholarship, and when the contributions of a class shall amount to this sum, "it shall be competent for such a class to nominate any meritorious young man, then a member of college, or about entering, as a suitable person to receive the income of the scholarship of such class, whether a descendant of a member of the class or otherwise. No class shall be allowed to make a nomination except during the Commencement week. The scholarships created are to be designated by the year of the graduation of the class, by whose contributions they were endowed."

At twelve o'clock the alumni assembled in the church, and were addressed in a most eloquent and interesting manner by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. I wish it were in my power to transfer the spirit of his oration to your columns, not for its eloquence only, but for something infinitely higher, for its lofty moral and Christian tone. Mr. Winthrop obviously spoke because he had something to say, and had deeply felt upon a theme most appropriate to that occasion—the duties of educated men to influence aright the public opinion of their times. It was a discourse worthy of the name of Winthrop, and proves that the names and institutions of the Puritans are not all that have come down from them, but with these, their earnest and manly Christian principle. It will be impossible within my limits to give a synopsis of this oration, and I should be doing injustice to it by making the attempt. Let the following extract be taken as an expression of its spirit.

"It is not enough considered, I fear, by educated men, who are often among the most impatient and irritable, when false sentiments and mischievous notions prevail on any subject, that they themselves, in their various avocations and professions, are mainly responsible for their existence. They are responsible for what they say, and for what they leave unsaid; for what they write, and for what they leave unwritten; for opinions which they take part in establishing, and for opinions which they take no part in overthrowing. It may be difficult for the bookworm, shut up in some dark alcove, and engaged in the preparation of some abstract philosophical or theological treatise, to realize that he has anything to do with that mighty moral power of whose edicts, legislatures are so often but the formal recorders, and laws but the periodical proclamation,—which construes constitutions, controls standing armies, supports or overturns thrones, and rules the world. So is it difficult to realize that the ocean-worm has had anything to do with the island or the continent, which has yet risen from the sea through its

more than doubled its population in five years, numbering now as high as fifteen thousand. Built at the mouth of Oswego river, which drains the cluster of eight lakes in central New York, its hydraulic power in plenty and uniformity is the best in the State. The starch factory covers between three and four acres, and its samples took the first premium at the World's Fair. The flouring mills are the largest in the world, a single mill turning out twelve hundred barrels in a day. The harbor is commodious, and now lined with a numerous craft. The city boasts of its attractive stores. One of these, named Hart's Palace, conducted by Mr. Harmon, late of your city, is a curiosity. This is, I suppose, the only "Maine Law" city in the State. Gerrit Smith early established the Oswego Hotel as a temperance house, and it has still a good reputation This gentleman owns here a large landed estate valued at near a million of dollars. His foresight in retaining this property, with the home economy practiced at Peterboro', presents him in strange contrast with the Philadelphia Peter Sken Smith, whose squandered estate here is pointed out to the visitor.

We are soon to reach Ogdensburgh to spend the night. Too much cannot be said in praise of this trip in the summer. The boat, the captain, the dinner and the scenery are all that can be desired. Kingston, a Canadian city with fortifications, and a population of ten thousand, affords us a little variety. The stamp of the Yankee is not on it as yet. The houses are brown and not white. The boats, the drays, and even the horses' shoes seem too heavy, and the soldiers in uniform on the wharf have the look of subjects under pay, rather than that of citizens on duty. I bought a daily newspaper, with news stolen in the states, for *four* cents a copy, and not as large as the *New York Times* for *one* cent.

Every northern traveler hears of the lumber rafts of the St. Lawrence, but few witness such a majestic sight as we have just passed. In the distance it looked like a cluster of brown houses on a plain. Truly, it is a village of some two hundred souls, but *afloat*—towed down the river by a steamer. Boards are fastened on the timbers which answer for sails, and each draw of timber, two hundred feet by fifty, has its little house and sailors. This raft was a monster of its kind; it was half a mile in length, and covering an area of fifty acres, moving on at the rate of a mile an hour, to be separated on the rapids, and shipped at Quebec for the ship-yards of Europe. Yours, North.

THE FOURIERITE AT HOME—VISIT TO THE NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX.

To the Editors of the Independent:

Being in New Jersey last week, and in company with a friend who knew all about their locality, we determined to pay the Fourierites a visit. Their Phalanx is about two miles from Leedsville, Monmouth county. The pleasantest, as well as most direct route to the place, is by the steamer Thomas Hunt, for Red Rank. This makes a delightful excursion for a day. You go down the harbor, past Fort Hamilton, Coney Island, and across the bay to Sandy Hook; then over sand-bars, up the Navesink; stopping at the Pavilion, situated just under the Highlands; there you leave and take on board passengers; then, after a vast deal of writhing and turning by the steamer to avoid the bars, you reach the famous "Ocean House," famous for nothing else, that I could see, but the barren and dreary waste around it. Just before reaching this point, you pass the wreck of the "North America," packet ship, lost some years since. At the Ocean House, scores of old rickety carriages are in waiting to take passengers to Long Branch, where are several excellent hotels, which are situated close to the beach. This is a great summer resort, and a grand place for sea bathing: the houses are always filled at this season. The next landing is Port Washington, where there is a good hotel. The place is prettily situated, and everything around it looks prosperous; the passer-by notices numerous farm-houses, of spotless white, surrounded by trees of rich foliage, and everything indicating thrift and industry. We next reach "Mount's Dock" then "Brown's Dock," where the steamers stop on their return trips, and take on board immense quantities of fruit and vegetables for the New York market. Indeed the business of the whole population, all along the banks of this wide and beautiful river, and for miles inland, is raising these articles, and they are growing rich from the trade. We saw the finest blackberries and whortleberries sold here for two-and-sixpence a peck! The steamers generally reach Red Bank in three hours from New York. Here are stages in readiness to take passengers in every direction. We reached the Phalanx about noon. As we entered the grounds we noticed a marked improvement in their general appearance, as compared with those adjoining. We visited a saw-mill and a large flouring mill, both in full operation, and managed by the members. We ascended a winding road, shaded by oaks and other trees of large size. At the foot of the hill, on which are situated the buildings of the Association, runs a small stream; this has been dammed up, so as to make a lake, on which were several sail boats. As we neared the houses, we noticed young ladies, well favored by nature in regard to beauty of face and figure, flitting about in Bloomer costume! Here was something novel at once; to see the proscribed "Bloomer" tripping over the lawn, with the utmost grace and self-possession; with "none to molest or make her afraid," and with no crowd of hooting boys in her wake,—this was, indeed, something quite new, and we rather liked it, and thought the Bloomer costume looked very pretty in the country, however much it might shock people in the city. The dresses were made of gingham, of bright colors, perfectly plain, and frock and trowsers of the same. Soon after our arrival the dinner-bell rang, and we were invited in: the house were much the appearance of a nice country hotel. Dinner was served in a spacious hall, which was decorated with paintings and busts of distinguished men in plaster. On each side of the hall were arranged eight tables, each accommodating eight persons. A bill of fare was provided; the following are some of the prices: beef soup, one and a half cents; roast beef, two cents; boiled pork, one and a half cents; beets, one-half cent; pie, one cent, &c. These look rather small, compared with city charges! Tickets, on which are marked the prices of each article ordered, are given to the members, and at the close of the meal each one takes his tickets to the bookkeeper, who charges him with the amount. There were about seventy-five persons at the tables: the whole number of members is over one hundred; about twenty were off on a fishing party, down at Shrewsbury, on the day of our visit. Strangers are taken in and cared for here, the same as at a hotel, and quite a number of New Yorkers are on a visit there during the summer. A register is kept, on which the names of all strangers are entered. We noticed Mrs. Brisbane among the ladies at the tables. The members, both ladies and gentlemen, all appeared to be persons of much refinement and intelligence. We were waited upon by the "Bloomers" aforementioned, and very attentive waiters they were—a decided improvement on colored or Irish waiters! The domestic work of the establishment is all done by the lady members. All the clothing is cut and made on the premises. In the evening, members frequently meet in the large hall and pass the time very sociably, generally winding up with music and dancing. An account is kept with each one, in which he is charged with all he eats, drinks, or wears, and credited with all the work he may do, at so much a day; also with his share of the profits of the farm. When the balance gets on the wrong side, he *probably* receives notice to quit. When any one wishes to leave, he receives the balance about 750 acres of good land, a large proportion of it well cultivated. We saw many acres laid down to squashes, melons, cucumbers, turnips, rhubarb, strawberries, &c. &c., from which patches, hundreds of dollars in value are annually sent to our market. On the grounds is a vast marl pit, affording an inexhaustible supply of dressing for the land. This marl is about ten feet below the surface, and is filled with shells of various kinds and other marine relics, showing that here—twenty miles from the coast—was once the bottom of the sea! The Fourierites of the North American Phalanx appeared to be living a very comfortable life; all seemed to be workers; none had the appearance of being drones; all appeared to be very sober and sedate; no joking or laughing, such as you see in society at large. It struck me that the tendency of their manner of life, shut up by themselves, like bees in a hive, was to make them morose and gloomy; and after leaving it one feels as though he had been visiting a workhouse; of a class very much above the ordinary, but yet a workhouse, which it is in fact.

J. H. L.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

NEW HYMN BOOK.—A hymn book is in preparation by Rev. H. W. Beecher, designed to contain a thousand hymns—the most spiritual in our language—selected and original, with a rich collection of music, arranged by Messrs. Zundel and Matthews. Any persons having favorite hymns or music, would confer a favor by sending them to Mr. Beecher.

HILDRETH'S HISTORY.—Harper & Brothers have published Vol. III. of the second series, being the sixth volume of the entire work, "The History of the United States, by Richard Hildreth." 8vo. pp. 740. This volume covers the time of the Embargo and the Second War with Great Britain, extending from 1807 to 1821, the close of Monroe's first term. The state of things at the termination of this period is thus stated at the close of the present volume:

"With the re-annexation of Florida to the Anglo-American dominion, the recognized extension of our western limit to the shores of the Pacific, and the partition of these new acquisitions between slavery and freedom, closed Monroe's first term of office, and with it a marked era in our history. All the old land-marks of party, uprooted as they had been, first by the embargo and the war with England, and then by peace in Europe, had since, by the bank question, the internal improvement question, and the tariff question, been completely superseded and almost wholly swept away. At the Ithureal (?) touch of the Missouri discussion, the slave interest, hitherto hardly recognized as a distinct element in our system, had started up portentous and dilated, disowning the very fundamental principles of modern democracy, and again threatening, as in the Federal Convention, the dissolution of the Union. It is from this point, already beginning, indeed, to fade away in the distance, that our politics of to-day take their departure."

"LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS TIMES."—A history of Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of France, with notices of his writings, a memoir of the Bonaparte Family, and sketches of French History, by Henry W. De Puy, author of "Kossuth and his Generals." Published at Buffalo, by Phinney & Co., 118 Mainstreet. 12mo, pp. 408. With a portrait.

"LETTERS TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN."—By S. J. Published by the American Female Guardian Society, 24 Beekman-street. 18mo, pp. 115. The subjects are, Entire Consecration, God Accepts you, Entering on the Life of Faith, the Holy Spirit, Crucifixion of the Desires, Prayer, Be a Bible Christian, Choosing Associates, Marriage, Conversation, Reading, Occupation, Social Duties, Dress, Health, The Discipline of Life.

BERTRAM.—"St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope; or Incidents in the Missionary Life of the Rev. James M'Gregor Bertram, of St. Helena. By Edwin F. Hatfield, D.D., pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian church in the city of New York. With an Introduction by Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., pastor of the Church of the Puritans, New York." 12mo, pages 220. With portraits of the three gentlemen named, and a view of St. Helena. Published by E. H. Fletcher, 141 Nassau-street.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS.—Mr. J. C. Buttre, 61 Johnstreet, has published handsomely engraved portraits of Gen. Winfield Scott and Hon. William A. Graham, and of Gen. Franklin Pearce and Hon. William R. King, the Whig and Democratic candidates in the coming presidential election. Taken from Daguerreotypes. They are all "good-looking," but two of them "can't come in."

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.—"Wilson's Business Directory of New York City, for 1852-3," is published by John F. Trow, 49 Ann-street; price 50 cts.; 18mo., pp. 350, with a map of the city.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.—We have received from the A. S. S. Union, two little works in 18mo, viz.: 1. "The Palm Tribes and their Varieties," pp. 192. 2. "Life and Times of Charlemagne," pp. 192. Both of English production, and are issued concurrently with the London Tract Society, under an arrangement between the two societies, for the adoption of each other's publications, so far as they shall be found adapted to their respective objects and fields of labor.

PUTNAM'S.—The "Semi-Monthly Library for Travelers and the Fireside" brings us this week a paper volume of "Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal; or, Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions, in search of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, in the years 1850-1. By Lieut. Sherard Osborne, Commanding H. M. vessel *Pioneer*." pp. 216.

POPULAR SCIENCE.—"The Laws of Life, with special reference to the Physical Education of Girls. By Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D." Putnam, 10 Park-place. 12mo. pp. 180. If Dr. Blackwell can do even a little to improve the physical education of the future mothers of American citizens, her devotion to science will have borne worthy fruits.

CALVERT.—"Scenes and Thoughts in Europe." By George H. Calvert. Second series. 8vo, pp. 185. Putnam, publisher.

STRAY MEDITATIONS.—Mr. Thompson's pieces under this title, with some additional articles of similar character, are about to be issued in a handsome 12mo, volume, by A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John-street.

THE QUARTERLIES.

THE PRINCETON REVIEW.—"*The Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review* has six articles: 1. Collections of the New Jersey Historical Society; 2. Humboldt's Cosmos; 3. Gessner Harrison's Laws of Latin Grammar; 4. W. Humboldt and Steinthal on the Origin of Language; 5. Stiles's Austria in 1848-9; 6. The General Assembly. The "short notices" of books name upwards of thirty works. Among the items of "Literary Intelligence," we find it stated that

"Whately is just now issuing a series of weekly tracts, entitled 'Cautions for the Times,' in which he deals rather hardly with Father Newman."

METHODIST QUARTERLY.—The *Methodist Quarterly Review*, vol. 31, 4th series, vol. 4. The leading article is "Instauratio Nova," one of a series of articles on Auguste Comte, all of which are marred by extravagant over-estimates of Comte. The true *Instauratio Nova* that is required to bring philosophy on the right road is a consent of the philosophers to start in their inquiries with the first truths of the book of Genesis: man's creation in the image of God; his subjection to law, by his Maker; his fall, by transgression; his redemption through the death of Christ; the future judgment and final retribution. The man who shall bring intellectual philosophy to this basis, will do a greater service than the *Novum Organon*. Other articles are on Colonization, Plutarch's Theology, Audubon, Methodist Preaching, and M'Cosh. Our Methodist brethren find it much easier to find fault with Calvinistic speculations on the Divine government, than to construct and maintain a theory of their own.

S.

ANNUAL REPORTS.

OHIO LUNATIC ASYLUM.—The thirteenth report is before us. pp. 96. Full of important materials of thought and motives and hints for action, to the medical practitioner and the philanthropist. Would have increased value if it had fewer technical terms—many quite unusual at that.

"That in this State of Ohio, where destitution is comparatively unknown, nay, where every one that wills it can honestly secure all the comforts of life, where society has for a considerable period enjoyed an almost total immunity from fanatical excitement, either in politics or religion—insanity should be steadily increasing, that the ratio of insane to population should be considerably larger than obtains in England, France, or Germany, and be fast approaching that of the New England States, is a fact worthy to excite the most serious attention, and to be held up in solemn warning before the eyes of the community. There is no mystery about the matter; the causes of the increasing evil are well known, but they are known to too few. They should be warned against in schools—preached against from the pulpit—be denounced by the orator—explained by the physician—and be removed or circumscribed by the legislator."

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—Those who remember the struggle and controversy connected with the formation of the General Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions, must look at this Fifteenth Annual Report with instructive reflection. pp. 82 and xvii. It now receives $117,882, from 1286 contributing churches, and has 7 missions, employing 53 ordained ministers and 86 lay teachers and assistants, male and female—all Americans. As nearly as we can estimate from the synodical reports, the State of New York contributes about 23 per cent.; Pennsylvania, 21 per cent.; Ohio, 6 per cent.; New Jersey, Kentucky, and South Carolina, each about 5 per cent.; Tennessee and Mississippi, each about 4 per cent.; Virginia, Maryland and Alabama, each about 3 per cent. of the funds of the Board.

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.—In addition to Mr. Huntington's oration, "Christ the Pacificator," and the Annual Report proper, we have the report of a special Committee appointed last year, to investigate certain charges of mismanagement against the Corresponding Secretary, connected with the financial administration of the Executive Committee. The special Committee, Messrs. Grecle, Watterston, J. Tappan, D. S. King, and others, report the fullest confidence in the Secretary's honesty, industry, laborious service and efficiency. In the four years, ending with 1846, compared with the four years following, may be seen the good effects of the present system of management.

Years.	Debt.	Ordinary Income.
1843,	$2,515	$2,188
1844,	3,636	1,978
1845,	4,328	2,895
1846,	1,749	2,885
Average,		$2,419
1847,	17	3,337
1848,	74	4,011
1849,	16	3,697
1850,	9	5,994
Average,		$4,264

In 1846, $5,200 was received from legacies, in the succeeding five years, only $250.

PAMPHLETS.

SLAVERY.—"Address of the yearly meeting of the religious Society of Friends, held in the city of New York, in the sixth month, 1852, to the professors of Christianity in the United States, on the subject of Slavery." Printed by James Egbert, 374 Pearl-street. pp. 10. Sound, and in excellent spirit, as far as it goes; but it indicates *nothing to be done* in the matter.

PICTORIAL REVOLUTION.—Lossing's "Pictorial History of the Revolution," published by the Harpers, has reached the 25th number, without the slightest abatement of the author's industry, pictorial skill, and indomitable fidelity. No American library should be without this work. A copy in any well-educated family would be a guaranty for the patriotism of the children.

FRENCH PROTESTANT HISTORY.—A new literary society has been formed at Paris, entitled, "The Society of the History of French Protestantism;" the object being to collect and publish the documents, whether printed or manuscript, of the history of Protestantism in France from the sixteenth century. A bulletin will be issued of the society's transactions, with a *recueil* of papers and documents. Guizot is president; Coquerel, Monod and other pastors are members.

COUNTERPART TO UNCLE TOM.—The New Jersey papers state that Mrs. Tamar Davis, of Alloways-town, is preparing a work for the press, designed to be the counterpart of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and illustrative of the condition and character of the negroes in the Free States. The scene will be laid in New Jersey, where there are several villages occupied exclusively, it is said, by colored people.

If Mrs. D. will frame her narrative in such a way as to exhibit the true results of the New Jersey or *post nati* method of emancipation when tried upon a considerable body of slaves, taking children away from parents and leaving them to be brought up by those who have no interest in their permanent welfare, she may do much good, and New Jersey is able to furnish ample materials for illustration.

LIBRARIAN'S CONVENTION.—*Norton's Literary Gazette* suggests the utility of a convention of librarians, and proposes that so many librarians as may attend the American Association of Science this year at Cleveland, should confer together and take the necessary steps to bring about such a convention next year. We think well of the proposal, and promise the co-operation of one librarian. The *Gazette* says:

"The topics for discussion at such a convention would be almost innumerable. Laying aside the reading of papers on bibliographical topics, which might be made of much interest, there are a great many points in regard to the management of libraries, the purchase and arrangement of books, the formation and publication of catalogues, the delivery of books, their protection from mould, worms, and other injury," &c.

ABBOTT.—Rev. John S. C. Abbott is said to have had an interview with Louis Napoleon in reference to certain points in the history of his uncle, which Mr. Abbott is to undertake to vindicate.—*Norton's Lit. Gaz.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—We are happy to learn from a correspondent, that the friends of Congregationalism in Rochester are at length about to make a move for the formation of a church under favorable auspices. Kind feelings towards the enterprise are exhibited by the Presbyterian brethren generally, of both schools. Those who cherish a preference for the church polity of New England, will thus have the opportunity of acting satisfactorily. It is said there are many persons in the Presbyterian congregations, who have withheld their letters because they were unwilling to renounce the Christian liberty of self-government in which they were born.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—We are happy to learn that the church which was gathered about two years ago, under the ministry of Rev. Edwin H. Nevin, in connection with the "Free Presbyterian Church," has adopted the principles of Independent or Congregational church order. The growing strength and bright prospects of the enterprise have led to measures for the erection of a large and commodious house of worship, as well as for other means of extended usefulness—in all of which they have our best wishes for their success. We believe the pastor still retains his connection with the Presbytery.

INSTALLATION.—Rev. G. B. Hubbard was installed Pastor of the Congregational church at Lamoile, Bureau Co., Ills., on Tuesday the 6th of July. Invocation and reading the Scriptures by W. H. Collins of La Salle; introductory prayer by Rev. Wm. Clark of the Baptist church in Lamoile. Sermon from Jno. 10: 1-5, by Rev. W. H. Starr of Elgin; installing prayer by Rev. Owen Lovejoy of Princeton; charge to the pastor, by Rev. Wm. Beardsley of Bristol; address to the people, by Rev. O. Lovejoy; righthand of fellowship, by Rev. E. G. Smith of Dover. G. B. H.

YALE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The New Haven East Association convened at New Haven on the 19th inst. Prof. C. A. Goodrich, D.D., was chosen Moderator, and Rev. D. S. Rodman, Scribe. Fourteen students connected with Yale Theological Seminary applied for licenses, which were granted. Their names are J. E. Barnes, H. Blodget, J. C. Bull, W. B. Clarke, J. M. B. Dwight, F. W. Fisk, E. B. Hillard, C. J. Hutchins, S. Johnson, H. A. Russell, W. D. Sands, W. C. Shipman, C. Storrs, and B. Talbot.

S.

LUTHERANS.—The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Pennsylvania, at its annual meeting held in Lancaster, Pa., in June, was very numerously attended, and steps were taken looking to a general reunion of the Lutheran bodies in this country. The missionary cause attracted much attention.

The Synod supports Father Heyer in India, together with a number of Christian schools under his direction. During the past year, they have allsistained in the support of some seven or eight missionaries, who are laboring among the Germans of this country, and the annual report of their labors, presented by Rev. Dr. Baker, indicated that they were generally successful. The increased interest in this work is most encouraging, and we doubt not, that in a few years, forty or fifty missionaries will be aided by this Synod, with the same ease, with which they now sustain one-fifth of this number. With so many German ministers and wealthy churches, this venerable Synod, the mother of us all, should take the pre-eminence in the work of evangelization among the German emigrants of the United States. Her age, history, influence, numbers, wealth, connection with Germany and with the institutions at Gettysburg, language, doctrinal position and geographical location, all seem to mark her out as the proper body to undertake this gigantic work.

SYRIA.—Rev. D. M. Wilson writes from Tripoli, Syria, June 2, to the *Central Christian Herald*.

Drs. Robinson and Smith traveled some forty-six days in company, exploring the land, studying its geography, its monumental remains, etc. They were allowed to go where they pleased in the land, and improved the opportunity. Dr. Robinson is now traveling with Mr. Thomson, and proposes traveling a few days with others of the missionaries. Those who have perused his work on Palestine, will not doubt that he is improving his rare opportunity for collecting materials for a better edition of that work.

Dr. Lobdell and family reached Mousul May 8th, "none the worse," we are assured, "for a stoning given him at Diarbeker." Eastern traveling for variety always. The traveler will see no railroad, no canal, no steamboat; yet in the place of all these, he can urge on his stubborn mule over mountain paths, where his neck will be in danger every hour; he can stop at night in a tent, or occupy the *ground-floor* of a khan with myriads of fleas. And, more than all, he can have muleteers more obstinate than his mule, and so given to lying, that they are often suspected of it when they speak the truth. Such is travelling in the "lands of the Bible."

Next month, a line of steamers is to commence running between Marseilles and the various ports in Syria, which will prove a great improvement, we hope.

The health of the missionaries is about as usual.

DECAY OF POPERY.—An American (Wm. C. Herring), now in Europe, who gives his residence as No. 310 Broadway, New York, says that he never has known one Irish Roman Catholic turn Protestant in America! Widely different is the statement of a correspondent of the *New York Freeman's Journal* of June 5th, who, speaking respecting the great numbers who turn away from Romanism in the rural districts, among us, remote from Roman Catholic churches and priests, says: "We know of a Catholic couple who settled in an adjoining county, some seventy or eighty years ago; their descendants are very numerous, but there is not a Catholic now among them! In another county, an old Irish couple are still living, and still preferring the Catholic Faith, whose children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren are something over one hundred souls; yet there are but two or three Catholics among them!"

BRITISH PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.—There are now forty-nine auxiliary associations, many of them active and influential. With these a constant correspondence is kept up, tracts and papers are interchanged, intelligence communicated, and the most cordial spirit of union is sustained by this intercourse. The Alliance, during the year, has found several subjects that deserved its attention. It interfered with effect for the liberation of Dr. Marriatt; it has taken part with the Free Church of Scotland in representing the case of the missionaries expelled from Hungary; it has respectfully memorialized the King of Prussia on the persecutions of German Baptists in his states. When a British commissioner, after the fall of Rosas, was to be sent to Buenos Ayres and Paraguay, the Alliance presented to the British Government a memorial, praying that stipulation might be required for religious liberty in the vast provinces of the Rio de la Plata. They also sent a communication to the Minister of the United States, desiring that the same objects might be considered in any treaties that should be effected by the expedition of the United States to Japan. Their agents have been during the year lectures, preaching sermons, and distributing tens of thousands of tracts. In some places they have established schools for neglected Roman Catholic children, and libraries from which Protestant works are lent to read.

HAYTI.—We learn from Mr. Niel, our missionary, that the number of those who have been brought to the knowledge of the true God in St. Marc is thirty. Twenty-three of these converts have been baptized by the Rev. Mr. Judd, of Port-au-Prince, and four more expected to be soon, at the date (May 25th) of Mr. Niel's letter. Our missionary speaks gratefully of the kindness which he has received from the authorities of the city, who seem to entertain much respect for him. Mr. Niel proposes to commence a new mission at *Port de Paix*, and leave the post at St. Marc in the charge of a missionary supported by the same Society (Baptist) which supports Rev. Mr. Judd.—*Am. & For. Ch. Union*

QUEEN OF TAHITI.—It is grateful to learn that the Queen of Tahiti maintains her Christian character amid the difficulties that surround her, and that neither French usurpation nor Romish idolatry have prevailed to seduce her from her fidelity to the British Protestant missionaries. Many youthful converts have been added to the Tahitian churches recently, and four well trained native pastors have been ordained, in parts of the Island not yet subjected to French control, over native churches.

HEBRON.—By a letter from this place we learn that, on the 4th inst., twenty-four persons, the first fruits of the recent revival, united with the Congregational church, under the pastoral care of Rev. E. J. Doolittle. Nine were males, and fifteen were females. *Sixteen* were heads of families. Nineteen had been subjected in childhood, and eighteen were members of the Sabbath-school, most of whom were connected with it at the time of their conversion. And all the subjects of the revival, amounting to some thirty, had been stated attendants on the means of grace.

JESUIT MISSIONS.—The Jesuit Missionary Society, known as the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith," the head-quarters being at Lyons, expended about $600,000 during the year 1851, in about the following proportions:—In Europe, $111,815; in Asia, $203,035; in Africa, $57,800; in America, $149,736; and in Oceania, $68,518.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING IN ENGLAND.—The Rev. John Hatchard, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, has commenced preaching in the open air in the degraded districts of Plymouth Dock-street, &c. A series of addresses by clergy of the Establishment are being delivered on Sundays at Bradford in the open air. The first took place in front of the Manor-hall, when the Rev. Henry Dowson discoursed 'On the Great Salvation.'

CONVERSIONS.—Nine persons publicly renounced the errors of Popery on Sunday evening, the 20th ult., in the Church of St. James's, Latchford, near Warrington, and were received into communion with the Church of England, by Rev. James Wright.

PALESTEAIR.—The Round Church of Little Maplestead, formerly belonging to the Knight-Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, is in the hands of the builder to undergo complete restoration. The church is one of the four only remaining churches of England built by the Crusaders.

GENEROUS OFFER.—We are authorized by a "friend of the Society" to say that he will be one of four persons to make up ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS (each giving $250), to aid the Waldenses in their great and good undertakings. Who will be one of four to give $250 for this noble object? Who will? A thousand dollars could not be better laid out in Italy, or in the world, just now.—*Ch. Union.*

CEYLON.—Letters from Messrs. Smith and Noyes, represent the natives of Jaffna as suffering much from disease, famine, and a scarcity of money. The cholera has prevailed for several months in different parts of the province, but it seems to be abating at the present time.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, PORTLAND, ME.—We learn that some twenty cases of hopeful conversion have recently occurred in connection with the congregation of this church—others are inquiring after the truth. The Rev. J. R. Scott, is the pastor.

THOMPSON, CT.—Three pastors served the church of Thompson, Conn., 119 years, from 1730 till 1849, saving very brief interruptions between the several pastorates. Three successive pastors served the church of East-Hampton, L. I., more than 150 years.

BOSTON.—A correspondent of the Chicago *Herald* states in a letter dated at Boston, the 1st of July, that "the daily morning prayer meetings at the Old South Chapel were never more interesting, and what is remarkable for the season, the chapel is full every morning." There were conversions weekly, and a delightful state of feeling among Christians. These meetings were attended by the Rev. and venerable Drs. Beecher and Jenks who usually took part in them.

CHICAGO.—We learn from the Prairie *Herald*, that, at the communion of the First Presbyterian church of Chicago, on the first Sabbath in July, twenty individuals united with that church—14 upon profession of their faith. Also that 16 united with the Second Presbyterian church of that city, on the occasion of its last communion.

VERMONT.—The missionary of the A. and F. C. Union reports six conversions in the town of Montgomery, and a few awakenings. There is much deplorable ignorance among the French Canadians in the eastern part of the State, and much opposition to Protestantism, but some are made willing to receive the truth.

GREENVILLE.—The *Biblical Recorder* says, "From a friend we learn that quite a number have recently been baptized by brother Johnson, pastor of the Baptist church in that place. Some sixty persons have within two months been added to the church by baptism and by letter."

LOCKPORT, ILL.—Within the last two months the Baptist church in this place has been blessed in the hopeful conversion of nearly twenty persons under the labors of brother Franklin Child, assisted a few days by Rev. S. P. Ives of Plainfield. The church have called to their pastoral care Mr. Child, who is just commencing the work of the ministry with a promise of usefulness.

WESTMINSTER.—The First Congregational church in Westminster, under the pastoral care of the Rev. O. H. White, has for a few months been the scene of a very interesting revival. Last Sabbath, fifteen young persons made a public profession of their faith, there being still a number who anticipate joining the church at some future time.

BAPTISTS.—Rev. Mr. Brown of Pennsylvania, said that one hundred years ago there were not so many Baptists in America as there are now in Germany, and 50 years hence will see a greater proportional advance in Germany than the same time has seen in America.

RAVENNA.—We learn that on Sabbath, the 4th instant, twenty-five persons were received into the 1st Congregational church of Ravenna, upon profession of faith. These are the first fruits of the precious work of grace which has been in progress there now some five or six months.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN GREENVILLE, E. TENN. has been blessed with an interesting revival. Mr. Morey says in a business note, dated June 30, "We have recently received twenty-eight members to the communion of this church—26 on profession of their faith, and 2 by certificate."

CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

ORDINATION.—On Saturday before the 4th Sunday of May, Wm. L. Slack, M.D., was ordained at Denmark, Tenn. Brother S. a few years since left the Presbyterian and joined the Baptist Church. He is the son of Dr. Slack, a distinguished and learned Presbyterian minister, and is, himself, a man of fine acquirements and ardent piety.—*Western Baptist.*

JUNE 24.—Brother Wm. Baker, who has been for the past year supplying the Baptist Church in Carroll, N. H., was ordained as an evangelist. Sermon by Rev. H. Tonkin, of Milton; text, 1 Cor. 2, 2.

Rev. G. M. Swan was ordained by the Presbytery of Des Moines, on the 9th of June, and installed pastor of the church of Oscaloosa. It was a season of great interest to the church, the largest congregation being present that ever assembled in the village. Seven persons were received into the communion of the church.

The R. D. Church at Belleville is now undergoing a complete demolition, being inadequate to the wants of the congregation. In its place a new Gothic stone edifice will be constructed, to be finished in July next.

Rev. James Clark, D.D., late President of Washington College, Penn. has received a unanimous call from the Presbyterian church at Lewisburg.

Rev. John Pierpont, Jr., has accepted a unanimous invitation to be settled over the Unitarian Society in Savannah, Ga.

REV. A. W. FREEMAN, of Covington, Ia., has received and accepted a call to the pastoral charge of the Second Presbyterian Church of Fort Wayne, Ia. He has entered on his duties.

MARPLE.—Rev. S. M. Gould, late of Norristown, has been unanimously elected Pastor of the Presbyterian church of Marple, Delaware county, Pa.

On Friday last in Christ Church, Alexandria, Rt. Rev. Bishop MEADE, and Assistant Bishop JOHNS, held an ordination, when the following graduates of the Theological Seminary were ordained:—B. B. Leacock as priest, and Addison B. Atkins, Wm. H. Brooks, of Baltimore, Robert A. Castleman, George N. Cheney, J. Wm. Cheshy, T. Mark Chevers, F. Ferdinand Martin, Archibald M. Morrison, George Rumney, Joseph A. Russell and Hugh Coy Scott as deacons. The sermon was preached by Dr. STONE, of New York.

Rev. H. N. Wilson was installed Pastor of the Church of Hackettstown, on Wednesday the 3d ult. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Jehiel Talmadge.

Brother Hiram W. Bacock was ordained to the work of the ministry at Hebron, Potter Co., Pa., on the 17th inst. An ordination discourse was preached by Eld. James Bailey, on the character and responsibilities of the Christian Ministry.

COLLEGES AND SEMINARIES.

Rochester University.—Commencement June 14th. Sermons by Rev. Drs. Stow and Church. Oration by Dr. Cheever, and poem by G. W. Curtis, Esq. Baccalaureate address by Judge Harris, the Chancellor. Graduates from college, 17; theological class, 10.

The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Rev. H. J. Talbird, of Howard College, Ala., Rev. Henry C. Fish, of Newark, N. J., S. A. Corey and George W. Curtis, of New York, George Wood, and Professor Quimby. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon J. V. I. Prurn, Esq., of Albany, and Robert Kelley, Esq., of New York. Rev. Edward Bright, of Boston, Rev. M. J. Rhees, of Williamsburg, and Rev. J. B. Shaw, of Rochester, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Kalamazoo Theological Seminary.—The anniversary was June 29th, when four young men graduated.

The faculty of this institution consists of Rev. J. A. B. Stone, Professor of Systematic Theology and Biblical Interpretation; Rev. Samuel Graves, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Ecclesiastical History; Rev. Wm. L. Eton, Professor of Greek and Latin Languages; Theodore B. Palmer, Tutor in Mathematics and Languages; John B. Fish, Tutor in the English department. The course of study embraces six years, with the privilege of a shorter course to those who choose.

Amherst College.—Professor E. A. Park, of Andover, has accepted the invitation of the College faculty, to pronounce a eulogy on the late Prof. B. B. Edwards, D. D. The exercises will take place Aug. 10. We are glad to learn that the late Rev. Oliver Taylor, of Manchester, a native of Hawley, left at his decease a valuable library as a legacy to this college.

Female College.—At the commencement of the Ohio Female College, near Cincinnati, the degree of *Mistress of Arts* was conferred on the senior class, consisting of seven young ladies. The whole number of students during the last term was 102.

New Hampton Theological Seminary, N. H.—The theological class graduated consists of seven young men of good promise. The institution is about to be removed to Fairfax, Vt., where its prospects of usefulness are said to be very flattering. A liberal endowment is being secured.

Brown University.—The *Providence Journal*, edited by a graduate of Brown, thus complies with a request received to "blow up" the faculty of the college, for the failure of the orations by Gen. Dix and Mr. Saxe before the literary societies at commencement:—

"We shall take the ground that colleges are institutions for the oppression of young gentlemen; that they are founded and watched over by malicious individuals, who employ their wealth and devote their time to the work of suppressing all the generous impulses, and trampling on all the natural rights of the young. For the truth of this we shall appeal to a great many unrecorded but not unforgotten speeches made in class meetings, especially during the Sophomore year. It follows, of course, that any resistance to such tyranny is highly commendable. The societies had been in the habit, for some forty or fifty years, of holding their meetings on alternate Saturday afternoons. They desired to hold them in the evening, which, besides other advantages, would have that of destroying the recitation of the evening Monday morning. Notwithstanding the reasonableness of this request, it was rejected, and the societies were subjected to the intolerable tyranny of holding their meetings just as they always had held them. They took the very spirited and manly determination to set off their own noses, and refused to carry out the arrangements which they had already entered into for their annual celebration, and dismissed the two distinguished gentlemen who had agreed to grace the occasion. We advise them to follow it up by burning a few of the choicest books in their libraries. It would show, even more conclusively than what they have already done, that they do not mean to be imposed upon. If that does not bring the faculty to terms, nothing will."

The *Watchman and Reporter* says:

"We rejoice more than we are well able to express, that the powers that be in Brown University have determined to go back to the old time for commencement—the first Wednesday in September."

Asbury University, Ind.—Commencement July 14. Baccalaureate sermon by President Berry. Graduates 7. The trustees elected A. J. Fletcher Professor of English Language and Literature, S. A. Lattimore Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, and Charles G. Downey Professor of Mathematics.

Ohio State Teachers' Association.—A body that is destined to exert a wide influence in Ohio. Their last meeting was at Sandusky. Between 300 and 400 teachers attended, half of them females.

"The teachers of the state, out of their own pockets, in addition to the support of the *Journal of Education*, supported a Superintendent of Education for the State, at a cost of $1,500 last year they gave, 'out of lean resources,' $1,000 to the same object. It is to be hoped that the great State of Ohio, with her 500,000 children, will some day feel herself able to pay the salary of the Superintendent herself. The Association adjourned to meet in Columbus on the 29th and 30th of December next."

People's College, N. Y.—The "People's College Association" met at Rochester, June 20th, and adopted resolutions reported by Horace Greeley in favor of a cheap manual labor college for both sexes,—to try over again the experiment which failed at Whitesborough fifteen years ago.

Yale College.—We are sorry to learn that the excellent Professor Fitch has felt compelled, through increasing infirmities and feeble health, to resign the office of Professor of Theology, in which he succeeded Dr. Dwight, in the year 1817. His successor will doubtless be chosen by the trustees at the coming commencement.

Free Medical College, Mich.—This branch of the State University, located at Ann Arbor, offers its privileges to all students alike, free of charge. Lectures commence the first Wednesday of October. J. Adams Allen is the secretary.

Georgetown College, Ky.—The funds of the Baptist Education Society of Kentucky

Editors' Cable.

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY: Or the History of the Bonaparte Family. An entirely new work. By the Berkeley Men. With Twenty authentic Portraits. New York: Cornish, Lamport & Co., 8 Park Place. 1852.

This handsome volume, of 620 octavo pages, presents a rapid and succinct but a graphic and valuable sketch of the character and the fortunes of each of the eighteen distinguished persons immediately connected with the Emperor Napoleon. Commencing with his parents, Carlo and Letitia Bonaparte, it continues the narrative to embrace his nephew, the present President and Dictator of France. The philosophy of the book we cannot at all points accept; but in general it is just, discriminating, and sufficient. It is written with pretty uniform vigor and elegance, and is illustrated by twenty lithographic portraits. Considering the extreme conciseness and brevity of narration compelled by its design, and by its inevitable limits, its theme seems to us exceedingly well managed. It is of necessity rather a collection of Essays, about the persons described, than of detailed and picturesque portraitures of them. But it embodies in small compass the results of wide and careful investigation; and we confess ourselves agreeably instructed and stimulated by a rapid perusal of it. The eye accustomed to read proofs will detect a number of minor typographical errors in it, which are quite out of harmony with the general beauty and finish of the volume.

There is a disposition of late years to think and to write of Napoleon, and of his stupendous action and plans, much more favorably than formerly. It shows the natural reaction of the literary and popular mind, especially in this country, from that extreme and injurious opinion which once obtained about him, and which was industriously propagated by English presses and statesmen, and by all in the interest of continental Despotisms. Among our earliest readings in this department we remember an obscure book, by one Goldsmith, professing to delineate the horribly licentious and cruel life of the First Consul and of Josephine, and generally, of all connected with them. Having a reverence for 'print' at that time, which we have lived to largely outgrow, these stories naturally and strongly impressed us: and Caligula and Tiberius seemed for the time less portentous incarnations of lust and crime than the French Emperor. From such tales and unsustained judgment the revolt is inevitable, when the clearer light of a less malicious or less prejudiced history presents to us the great 'armed Apostle of Democracy.' We must be careful that the oscillation does not go too far. There is at present a perilous tendency, it seems to us, to exaggerated eulogy of Napoleon and his purposes; to an excessive abatement of his real and vast faults; to a forgetfulness of his guilty and devastating ambition, of his cruel injustice to Josephine, and of his thorough wickedness in the matter of the Duc D'Enghien; and, in general, to a glossing of his later and more selfish career, by the splendor of genius and of military achievement which surrounded him to the last, and which never shone more brilliantly than at Leipsic and at Waterloo. A very vivid and attractive History of Napoleon, which in its successive parts has been scattered over the land for several months past on the wings of Harper's Magazine, though written with undoubted and thorough conscientiousness, as well as with elaborate research and great literary skill, seems to us to be colored and toned throughout by this spirit of reaction. We will not say that for brass it brings gold, and for iron silver, and for stone iron; but it presents every action in the most favorable light possible; and occasionally, where a choice of motives is possible, it attributes to Napoleon one which is far more apt to have had power with the accomplished narrator of his fortunes than with the colossal and impenetrable 'Child of Destiny' himself. The error is an amiable one; but no error is so good as the literal reality.

The volume before us is mainly, but not altogether free from this tendency. More than elsewhere it reveals it, perhaps, in the sketch of the present Louis Napoleon. Yet the view which it gives of him has great veri-similitude; it seems illustrated by the facts, and it is well worth pondering.

ISA: A PILGRIMAGE. By Caroline Chesebro'. Redfield; Clinton Hall, New York. 1852.

This is an unusually powerful and suggestive book. The traces of female authorship are apparent throughout it; not in anything of weakness or indecisiveness of thought or style, but in the rapid and subtle evolution of character, the vivid self-demonstrating expression of mental moods and processes special to Woman, and the familiar knowledge revealed of the present tendencies of much cultured and energetic mind in the Sex in this country. It is more monotonous at the opening than afterward: and is not of a class to attract a multitude of readers. But the larger portion of it is written with unusual freshness and vigor, and the moral which it suggests is all the more useful for not being protruded, like the ears of an ass, on the front of the book

Whereunto the recent and wide movement toward authorship, among the Women of this country, is destined to grow, many sagacious people seem puzzled to determine. It is evident that the old days of knitting-needles and spinning-wheels are fairly superceded. Even more modern crewel-work (*is* that the orthography?) is lapsing into desuetude. The taper fingers crook to a pen as pleasantly as if it were a true sceptre of Womanhood; and the 'Wide Wide World,' 'Sunny Side,' 'Uncle Tom,' with the manifold essays, treatises, etc., of Mrs. Seba Smith and her compeers, the graceful and charming miscellanies of Mrs. Judson, and the various writings of Miss Carey, Miss Clarke, and the rest, attest the affluent resources of the genius which at last has got audience and practical recognition as a Power in Literature. God be thanked for the fact! The interests of Literature, of Society and of Christianity, are to be advanced by the accession of such minds to the ranks of recognised public Workers. 'Uncle Tom' alone, that modern Evangel of righteousness and truth, is a trophy of female piety and genius which the men will wait a while before they surpass; and the golden threads in our coming Literature are more and more to be woven in, we believe, by the delicacy and taste, and the inventive skill, of female hands.

We have not seen the other writings of Miss Chesebro'; but from the volume before us we should predict for her a successful and useful career of authorship.

THORPE; A Quiet English Town, and Human Life therein. By William Mountford. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway. 1852.

We have been no long reading this quiet and subjective book,—have tasted it so many times, at half-hours and quarter-hours, in the study and in the cars, in the intervals of conversation and in the chasms between engagements, before getting through it—that if there were any great diversity between the first part and the last part of it we should have to re-read before beginning this 'notice.' The tone of the opening chapters is essentially maintained, however, throughout; and the last portion is but a natural continuation and development of the primary scenes. The volume is appropriately described by its title. It pictures a rural and peaceful English town; shows scholarship, thoughtfulness and genuine religious feeling; yet is justly subject to the same criticism with 'Euthanasy,' that it does not present the highest and most exalting, but rather the lower and more purely esthetic views of Christian doctrine.

WASTE OF MANURES.—When manures are to be carted out which are throwing out strong steaming fumes, sprinkle them with diluted sulphuric acid and water, to change the volatile carbonate of ammonia into the fixed sulphate of ammonia. Charcoal dust or plaster of Paris is also useful in such cases. Do not cart out and spread manures any more rapidly than they can be ploughed in. Manures, if in a state of fermentation, may lose one-fifth of their value by exposure to wind and air in a single day.—*Working Farmer.*

THE OXFORD ENGLISH PRIZE POEM.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

The English poems recited year after year, at the Commemoration of the founders and benefactors of Oxford in the great Sheldonian Theater, have a strong family likeness. Smooth versification and an elegant mediocrity mark these productions generally; in some the play of imagination and the flash of genius indicate the possession, in some degree, of "the vision and the faculty divine." The subject of the poem this year was adapted to try the powers of the aspirants for the prizes, and the honors of the Grand Commemoration. It was *The Impious Feast of Belshazzar* and its appalling incident; and—"What can the man say who cometh after the prophet?" or what description of the impious revelers can hold a place beside the grand imaginings embodied by the poet-painter Martin in his picture? It would be next to impossible that a second Milton should not fail in any attempt to diffuse in verse and melt down into flowing numbers the awful facts of the sacred narrative.

The opening of the poem describes the various modes by which God's holy messengers have access to the human mind; and in a few lines, in which the things that are seen are recapitulated, as messengers, the tones of Job, David, Milton and Walter Savage Landor are heard in the harmony. The voices of nature have spoken the holy messages of God, but,—

> Once—with no cloak of careful mystery
> Himself was herald of his own decree;
> The hand that edicts on the marble drew
> Graved the stern sentence of their scorner too.
> Listen and learn! Tyrants have heard the tale,
> And turned from hearing terror-struck and pale,
> Spiritless captives sinking with the chain
> Have read this page and taken heart again.

The occasion is described. A thousand satraps gird them for the feast on the summons of the king, and assemble for high festival in the palace.

> A pleasant palace under pleasant skies
> With cloistered courts and gilded galleries,
> And gay kiosk and painted balustrade
> For winter terraces and summer shade;
> By court and terrace, minaret and dome,
> Euphrates, rushing from his mountain home,
> Reckless in rage, and curbed by created pride
> To belt that palace with his bluest tide;
> Broad-fronted bulls with chiseled feathers barred
> In silent vigil keeping watch and ward,
> Giants of granite wrought by cunning hand
> Guard in the gate and frown upon the land:
> Not summer's glow nor yellow autumn's glare
> Pierced the broad tamarisks that blossomed there;
> The moonbeam darting through their leafy screen
> Lost half its silver in the cool alcove,
> And full with lessened luster, broken light,
> Tracing quaint arabesque of dark and white;
> Or dimly tinting on the granite floors
> The pictured annals of Chaldean thrones.

The king, high on his throne of ivory and infolded in purple, feasts regally, and

> Pendulous lamps like planets of the night
> Flung on the diadems a fragrant light,
> Or slowly swinging in the midnight sky
> Gilded the ripples as they passed by.

Amidst this greatness and grandeur and various beauty, which would seem beyond the reach of care or woe, anxiety and heavy presentiment enter and make themselves felt, in every breast, though none give utterance.

> It is not that they know the spoiler waits
> Harnessed for battle at the brazen gates,
> It is not that they hear the watchman's call
> Mark the slow minutes on the leagured wall,
> The clash of quivers and the ring of spears
> Make pleasant music in a soldier's ears:
> And not a seabbard hideth sword to-night
> That hath not glimmered in the front of fight—
> May not the blood in every beating heart
> Have quick foreknowledge of the coming pain?
> Even as the prisoned silver, dead and dumb,
> Shrinks at cold Winter's footfall ere he come.

The king feels this presentiment of coming evil, though his tongue would not own it; and suddenn he speaks,—

> "What! doth the beaded juice
> Savor like hyssop that ye scorn its use?
> Wear ye so pitiful and sad a soul
> That tramp of foemen scares ye from the bowl?
> Think ye the gods on yonder starry floor
> Tremble for terror, when the thunders roar?
> Are we not gods? have not fought with God?
> And shall we shiver at a robber's nod?
> No—let them batter till the brazen bars
> Ring merry mocking of their idle wars—
> Their fall is fated for to-morrow's sun,
> The lion rouses when his feast is done.
> Crown me a cup—and fill the bowls we brought
> From Judah's temple when the fight was fought—
> Drink, till the merry madness fill the soul
> To Salem's conqueror in Salem's bowl.
> Each from the goblet of a God shall sip,
> And Judah's gold tread heavy on the lip."
> The last loud answer dies along the line,
> The last light bubble bursts upon the wine,
> His eager lips are on the jeweled brink,
> Hath the cup poison that he doubts to drink?
> Is there a spell upon the sparkling gold,
> That so his fevered fingers quit their hold?
> Whom sees he where he gazes? what is there
> Freezing his vision into fearful stare?
> Follow his lifted arm and lighted eye
> And watch with them the wondrous mystery.

There cometh forth a hand—upon the stone,
Graving the symbols of a speech unknown;
Fingers like material fingers—leaving there
The blank walls flashing characters of fear—
And still it giideth silently and slow,
And still beneath the spectral letters grow—
Now the scroll endeth—now the seal is set—
The hand is gone—the record tarries yet.

As one who waits the warrant of his death,
With pale lips parted and with bridled breath—
They watch the sign and dare not turn to seek
Their fear reflected in their fellows' cheek—
But stand as statues where the light is none,
Half the jest uttered—the laughter done—
Half the flask empty—half the flagon poured,—
Each where the phantom found him at the board
Struck into silence—as December's arm
Curbs the quick ripples into crystal calm.
With wand of ebony and sable stole
Chaldea's wisest scan the spectral scroll—
Strong in the lessons of a dying art
Each comes to gaze, but gazes to depart—
And still for mystic sign and muttered spell
The graven letters guard their secret well—
Gleam they for warning—glare they for ominemn—
God speaketh—but he speaketh not for them.

Here the poet pauses, even in the midst of terror and the silence of that awful hour, to apostrophize: let the fair reader, and the more ungentle critic, remember that it is a young poet who recites,—recites to assembled thousands, among them the fairest of England's daughters, the mothers and sisters of the academic youth, drawn from the favored Homes of Britain:

> Oh! ever when the happy laugh is dumb,
> All the joy gone, and all the anguish come—
> When strong adversity and subtle pain
> Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain—
> When friends once faithful, hearts once all our own,
> Leave us to weep, to bleed and die alone—
> When fears and cares the lonely night employ,
> And clouds of sorrow hide the sun of joy—
> When weary life, breathing reluctant breath,
> Hath no hope sweeter than the hope of death—
> Then the best counsel and the last relief
> To cheer the spirit or to cheat the grief,
> The only calm, the only comfort heard,
> Comes in the music of a woman's word—
> Like broken bell on some wild Island-shore,
> Silvery ringing in the tempest's roar,
> Whose sound borne shipward through the midnight gloom
> Tells of the path, and turns her from her doom.

Thus is the Queen-Mother introduced, who reminds the awe-stricken king of Daniel, the Hebrew; the seer is speedily sent for, his aid invoked, and large promises made: the prophet recognizes the awful presence of the King of kings, kneels in reverence,—gazes,—and, with trembling tongue, declares the doom of Belshazzar:—

> "Keep for thyself the guerdon and the gold—
> What God hath graved, God's prophet must unfold;
> Could not thy father's crime, thy father's fate
> Teach thee the terror thou hast learnt too late;
> Hast thou not read the lesson of his life,
> Who wars with God shall strive a losing strife?
> His was a kingdom mighty as thine own,
> The sword his scepter and the earth his throne—
> The nations trembled when his awful eye
> Gave to them leave to live or doom to die—
> The Lord of Life—the Keeper of the grave,
> His frown could wither and his smile could save—
> Yet when his heart was hard, his spirit high,
> God drave him from his kingly majesty,
> Far from the brotherhood of fellow-men
> To seek for dwelling in the desert-den;
> Where the wild asses feed and oxen roam
> He scn:ht his pasture and he made his home,
> And blinded by the mists of pride and night,
> Schooled him in sorrow till he knew the right,
> That God is ruler of the rulers still
> And setteth up the sovereign that he will:—
> Oh! hadst thou treasured in repentant breast
> His pride and fall, his penitence and rest,
> And bowed submissive to Jehovah's will
> Then had thy scepter been a scepter still—
> But thou hast mocked the majesty of heaven,
> And shamed the vessels to its service given,
> And thou hast fashioned idols of thine own,
> Idols of gold, of silver, and of stone;
> To them hast bowed in repentant breast
> His pride and fall, his penitence and rest,
> And bowed submissive to Jehovah's will
> Then had thy scepter been a scepter still—
> But thou hast mocked the majesty of heaven,
> And shamed the vessels to its service given,
> And thou hast fashioned idols of thine own,
> Idols of gold, of silver, and of stone;
> To them hast bowed in the spectral letters grow—
> Now the scroll endeth—now the seal is set—
> The hand is gone—the record tarries yet.

He ended—and his passing foot was heard,
But none made answer, not a lip was stirred—
Mute the free tongue and bent the fearless brow,—
The mystic letters had their meaning now!
Soon came there other sound—the clash of steel,
The heavy ringing of the iron heel—
The curse in dying, and the cry for life,
The bloody voices of the battle strife—
That night they slew him on his father's throne,
The deed unnoticed and the hand unknown;
Crowniess and scepterless Belshazzar lay,
A robe of purple, round a form of clay.

The other prize compositions of the year were, Latin Verse, "Avium migrationes." English Essay, "Centralization: its benefits and disadvantages." Latin Essay, "Quænam ingenii virtutes ad historias scribendas potissimum conducunt."

Popular academical suffrage has given the chief prize to a satirical poem modeled on one of the plays of the great Greek poet and satirist, of which a notice and some specimens are inclosed.

"PIRONTISTERION."

The commemoration week at Oxford University was enlivened by the publication of an exceedingly clever poem, in imitation of the "CLOUDS" of Aristophanes. Our grave reviewers and learned theologians have of late years been much occupied with the myths, mysteries, and transcendentalisms of the cloud-compelling Germans. The clever Oxford satirist, imitating the unsparing Greek, uses a trenchant blade upon German professors and theologians; and he is to orthodox and grave reviewers and divines what *Punch* is to prosy politicians. Let a "Chorus of Professors" be introduced, and their strophe be heard:—

CHORUS OF PROFESSORS.

> Professors we
> From over the sea,
> From the land where Professors in plenty be;
> And we thrive and flourish, as well we may.
> In the land that produces one Kant with a K
> And many Cants with a C.
> Where Hegel taught, to his profit and fame,
> That something and nothing were one and the same;
> The absolute difference never a jot being
> Twixt having and not having, being and not being,
> But wisely declined to extend his notion
> To the finite relations of thniers and gnoschen.
> Where, reared by Oken's plastic hands,
> The "Eternal Nothing of Nature" stands;
> And Theology sits on her throne of pride,
> As "Arithmetic personified"
> And the bodmanded crawls, in its shell confined,
> A "symbol exalted of slumbering mind."
> Bacon, be dumb,
> Newton, be numb;
> The worth of inductions a snap of the thumb,
> With a bug, bug, bug, and a hum, hum, hum,
> Hither the true Philosophers come.

ANTI-STROPHE.

> Theologians we,
> Deep thinkers and free,
> From the land of the new Divinity;
> Where Critics hunt for the sense sublime,
> Hidden in texts of the olden time,
> Which none but the sage can see.
> When Strauss shall teach you how, Marlyrs died
> For a moral idea personified,
> A myth and a symbol, which vulgar sense
> Received for historic evidence.
> Where Bauer can prove that true Theology
> Is special and general Anthropology,
> And the measure of worship is power to find
> The realized God in the human mind.
> Where Feurbach shows how Religion began
> From the deified feelings and wants of man,
> And the deity raised by the mind reflective,
> Is human consciousness made objective.
> Presbyters, bend,
> Bishops, attend,
> The Bible's a myth from beginning to end.
> With a bug, bug, bug, and a hum, hum, hum,
> Hither the true Theologians come.

And this "Hymn to the Infinite" by the full chorus, which certainly exhibits remarkable mastery of language, and worthily sings the Pantheist's King:—

HYMN TO THE INFINITE BY THE FULL CHORUS.

> The voice of yore,
> Which the breezes bore,
> Wailing aloud from Paxo's shore,
> Is changing to a gladder and livelier strain,
> For the sea-god Pan is alive again,
> He lives and he breathes once more.
> With deep intuition and mystic rite
> We recognize the Universe-Infinite,
> The Universe-Ego, the Plenary-Void,
> The Subject-Object identified,
> The great Nothing-Something, the Being-Thought,
> That manifests forms of Chaotic Naught,
> Whose beginning unended and end unbegun
> Is the One that is All, and the All that is One.
> Hail Light with Darkness joined!
> Thou Beginning-Ending!
> Thou Quantitative Point
> Of all Indifference!
> Great Non-Existence, passing into Being,
> Thou two-fold Pole of the Electric One,
> Thou Lawless Law, thou Seer all Unseeing,
> Thou Process, ever doing, never done!
> Thou Positive Negation!
> Negative Affirmation!
> Thou great Totality of everything
> That never is, but ever doth become,
> Thee do we sing,
> The Pantheist's King,
> With ceaseless bug, bug, bug, and endless hum,
> hum, hum.

The juvenile and mysterious followers of Carlyle and Emerson should be put under gentle compulsion and made to render this Hymn into Greek and German: only there is the danger that the men of Cloudland would adopt the Hymn in sober seriousness.

In the concluding scene of the poem is a dialogue between UNJUST DISCOURSE and JUST DISCOURSE. The poet is dealing with "shameless spoilers, violators of right," and remonstrates with "UNJUST DISCOURSE," who has assumed the all-sufficiency of Law and popular will as expressed in the House of Commons:—

> J. D. Have you then no higher standards, fixed ere man's laws began
> By the voice of man's Creator, by the moral sense of man?
> Rules may alter, codes may perish, customs change, but these abide,
> Truths no practice can abolish, no enactment override.
> Vain the fine-drawn web of sophisms, vain the brazen mail of lies;
> Laws condemned by God and Conscience, no expedience justifies.
> U. D. Moral Sense! a mere delusion: prejudice of education;
> Amiable in individuals, childish weakness in a nation.
> Pious scruples, tender conscience, doubtless suit a private station;
> Public interest's the rule for all enlightened legislation.
> So in Commons' private duty pleads, perhaps, for liquidation:
> In a free enlightened people, who shall blame republication?
> J. D. 'Tis in vain, I see, to argue. Modern light must have its way.
> Public morals sapped and rotted, knaves must even win the day.
> Fare thee well. Should after-ages bring to pass the scene foretold,
> When our future is a memory, and our days are days of old.
> When New Zealand's traveled native from some ruined arch looks down
> On old Thames's silent current, London's desolated town.
> On the banks no groaning warehouse, on the stream no flag unfurled,
> Where the modern Carthage traded long ago with half a world;
> Then if History's bitter lesson wake the patriot's anxious care,
> Thus the warning voice may mingle in the accents of his prayer.
> Thou that hold'st the fate of nations in the scales of Justice weighed,
> Not alone 'gainst foreign armies; 'gainst ourselves we ask thy aid.
> Never may my country's counsels traffic's sordid spirit feel,
> Selling birthrights, cheapening pottage, trading with a nation's weal.
> Never may a craven pilot at our vessel's helm preside,
> Swayed by mob-tongued agitation, taking demagogues for guide,
> Truckling to the voice of faction, listening for the loudest cry,
> Gauging pressures, measuring noises, what to grant and what deny.
> Never may the scoundrel maxims of a money-making band
> Pawn the charter of our freedom, blight the sinews of our land.
> Thou whose gifts are might and wisdom, purge from mists my country's eyes;
> Teach her in the hour of trial where alone her safety lies;
> Bid her scorn the shout of faction, bid her spurn the lust of self,
> Trusting still through good and evil in her God and in herself.
> And if ever public feeling, led by selfish tongues astray,
> Gloat o'er traffic's heaped-up riches, exalts when Church and State decay,
> Though our blindness ask our curses, still do Thou vouchsafe to bless,
> Spare us England's tradesmen-senate, spare her cotton-spun success.

This is an undesigned contribution to the "Higher Law Controversy," by one who has never heard of it. AGRICOLA.

School Hymn.

At the close of the Winter Evening Free School in Salem, addresses were made by several gentlemen, the annual report was read, and the exercises closed with the following beautiful hymn:—

> "Teachers, Pupils, ere we part
> Every voice and every heart
> Join, and to our Father raise
> One last hymn of grateful praise!
>
> Though we here should meet no more,
> Yet there is a brighter shore;
> There, released from toil and pain,
> There may we all meet again."

SHOOTING BIRDS, &c.

For the Independent.

BY WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D.

In the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* for July 14 is an article of great interest to youthful readers as well as to those professional gentlemen for whom it was mainly intended. The story is substantially as follows.

Two brothers, (boys, it is presumed,) were hunting birds, "when in order to secure their game," one of them "took one side of the field and his brother the other—the distance between them being supposed sufficiently great not to incur any risk in firing towards each other." One of the brothers fired, and "a single shot reached the other, passed through the cornea, and lodged within the globe of the eye." There was very little pain, and it was for several days hoped and believed that "the accident would not prove very serious." After some time, however, severe inflammation came on, and the patient lost his eyesight forever.

This anecdote is worthy of record, for various reasons. First, it should prove a caution, both to parents and children. Not twenty years have passed since the sons of Dr. Comstock of Hartford, the distinguished author of so many schoolbooks, went out together shooting birds, and one of them was soon after brought in dead. Somehow or other—I have forgotten how—he was shot. And accidents not unlike this are of frequent occurrence. When I was residing in Dedham, somebody one day fired a gun so carelessly that the shot rattled on the fence near where I stood, and seemed to fall all around me. It is a wonder I was not injured.

But a second reason against this shooting, so far as it concerns birds—and men and boys are very apt, if they have guns, to attack these creatures—is that it is cruel, and even impolitic. Every one who has at all examined the subject, knows that most birds, even those that seem to do us a great deal of mischief, are after all our very benefactors. Some of them are almost as our brethren. Is it not then downright folly, as well as cruelty, to be found shooting them?

The practice, thirdly, is unchristian. A young man whom I knew, by way of reproach for the cruelty which prevails towards the noble horse, after remarking that he *walked* a favorite horse all the way from Ohio to Connecticut, added, "No *Christian* will drive his horse faster than a good steady walk." This story may not seem apposite, but I have introduced it as preliminary to another remark, made, as I trust, in a different spirit, which is: *No Christian will be found*, in these days, *with a gun in his hand.*

But *why* is it unchristian? It hardens the heart. It familiarizes us with cruelty and bloodshed. I have done military duty, as it is called, in my early life, for eight years, and yet never shot a gun on the parade field in my life. I have been commanded to do so, but always disobeyed orders. And at home, twenty years among birds and those who had prejudices against birds and squirrels, I never shot but one bird in that whole time. That one was eating cherries, and I thought it *must* be killed! But I suffered most severely in remorse ever after it. I was, however, in the habit of ensnaring and angling; but conscience drove me from these before I was twelve years old.

Do not people know, Messrs. Editors, that this shooting paves the way, indirectly, for wars and fightings? During the revolutionary war many boys enlisted at fourteen. Who were they? In nine cases in ten, and even more, they were those who, like Benedict Arnold, had been trained or had trained themselves to cruelty.

The seeds of war and murder are sown in the errors of domestic life. This could be proved by a thousand facts, if proof were necessary. But is it so? Will not the foregoing suffice? A word to the wise *should* be sufficient.

Little Eva.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

> Dry the tears for holy Eva,
> With the blessed angels leave her,
> Of the form so sweet and fair,
> Give to earth the tender care.
> For the golden locks of Eva
> Let the sunny south land give her
> Flower pillow of repose,
> Orange bloom and budding rose.
>
> All is light and peace with Eva,
> There the darkness cometh never;
> Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,
> And the Lord is all in all.
> Weep no more for happy Eva,
> Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her,
> Care and pain and weariness
> Lost in love so measureless.
>
> Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
> Child confessor, true believer,
> Listener at the Master's knee,
> "Suffer such to come to me";
> O, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,
> Lighting all the solemn river,
> And the blessing of the poor
> Waiting to the heavenly shore.

Eva's Parting.*

BY MARY H. COLLIER.

> I must leave you now, dear father—
> I seek a fairer shore;
> O, might we go together,
> Then we should part no more!
> Nay, never weep for Eva—
> The Blessed calls me home,
> Not long shall we be severed,
> For I know that you will come.
>
> And father, when I'm sleeping
> In my quiet grave so green,
> And my soul the Lord is keeping
> In the world of bliss unseen;
> You will give the boon of Freedom
> To the old and faithful friend,
> Who has borne me on his bosom
> Where the white magnolias bend.
>
> O send him to his children,
> For I know you'll set him free,
> Tell him I'm waiting, waiting for him
> Yonder in eternity.
> So far from me, dear father,
> I am sure you could not dwell.
> His wife for him is waiting,
> And tearful is her gaze,—
> Where rolls the blue Ohio,
> She counts the weary days.
>
> And now farewell, dear father,
> Sweet is your love to me,
> But the angel voices beckon,
> I haste with them to be;
> I hear the Savior calling,
> His smile has made me blest,
> I see the gates of glory,
> Your Eva soars to rest!

* Uncle Tom's Cabin, Vol. II., pp. 85–89.

The New Crystal Palace.

This wondrous production of the century is not to be destroyed in a day, as seemed at one time to be its destiny. Enlarged and beautified in its outward appearance, and filled with the most elegant productions of nature and art, it will present one of the chief objects of attraction to the taste and a lasting source of interest to the residents of London. The *London Inquirer* gives the following description of the intended arrangement of the building:

"In a twelvemonth, we are assured, the late Crystal Palace will have been transferred from Hyde Park to the hills between Sydenham and Norwood. As the site is said to be only a few feet below the crest of a hill which cannot be less than three hundred feet above high-water mark, and as the whole nave of the new building is to be arched like the existing transept, and a new center transept substituted, twice as high as the present, the Crystal Palace will not lose by the change. The whole of the vast building, from its arched roof to the platform on which it stands, will be seen from every eminence near the station: at some points forty miles off it will be a conspicuous object in the distant horizon: it will be visible from its present site, and will be the first sign of this metropolis that meets the eyes of most foreigners arriving from Germany or France. The total length of the building will be one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three feet, the extreme width three hundred and eighty-four feet. The sloping form of the ground on which the building will stand will be made available for the various works below the floor line, necessary for the heating of the interior, for machinery, and for the stores required in a building of a permanent character. The interior will be arranged on the following "general principles." At one end the climate and vegetation will be those of the tropics, gradually changing, until, at the center transept, a temperate climate and temperate vegetation are reached, which will prevail throughout the remainder of the building. Portions of the palace will be converted into quadrangles similar to the fine art or medieval courts of the Exhibition. These courts will be made to represent the manners, customs, &c., of different countries. For instance, one court will form an Indian bazar, with adjoining durbars and reception-rooms. Here all the illustrations of Indian life will be collected in as vivid and charaoteristic a manner as possible. Another quadrangle will be devoted to the illustration of China. A third will contain a reproduction of one of the courts of the Alhambra by Mr. Jones; and a fourth will exhibit a Pompeian house fully restored. In one of the smaller transepts there will be Egyptian antiquities, casts from the celebrated reliefs, illustrative of the trades of Egypt, and from the most noted statues; all colored exactly like the originals, and so disposed as not to be a mere dead collection of individual objects, but a living reproduction of Egyptian manners and things. In another part there will be presented a Nineveh palace. Steps have been already taken to procure collections of sculpture, of architecture, and of ornaments illustrating the progress of those arts from their commencement to the present time. The sculptures will include the finest works of the great European galleries, and of the modern schools. A large space will be set apart for geological specimens, arranged in the order of the strata, accompanied by maps, views and sections of the country, specimens of vegetation, &c. Modern machinery and manufactures will be largely represented in exhibitions of materials from their raw states, in every progressive condition up to manufactured articles. Up the center of the nave, fountains of various descriptions will play. The principal, or Victoria Fountain, in the park, will play one hundred and fifty feet high: that is to say, twenty feet higher than the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square.

"Go work To-day."

> Go work, though sorrow cloud thy way—
> Though suffering pale thy brow—
> Though sickness waste thy fading check,
> And drooping nature bow;
> Toil on, for soon the grave will close
> Its gates on all earth's cares and woes.
>
> Ah! little rest from labor here
> Thine earthly Sabbaths bring;
> Thy panting spirit fain would plume
> Its faint and weary wing;
> Would through the clouds and darkness rise
> To fairer worlds and purer skies.
>
> But no, thy soul may never find
> A sweet, a perfect rest,
> Until thy spirit folds its wings
> Upon a Savior's breast;
> Till thou shalt join the blood-washed throng,
> To hymn the new, the glorious song.
>
> Peace undisturbed, unending bliss,
> To thee shall then be given;
> Thy heart shall ne'er in that bright world
> By pain or grief be riven;
> But God, in his blest home above,
> Shall crown thee with unchanging love.
>
> [*Rel. Herald.*

"Only Flogging a Nigger."

Some persons are very skeptical whenever any allusion is made to the cruel treatment of slaves. We have no doubt that many slave-owners are kind-hearted and amiable in the highest degree, and that their servants have the strongest attachment for them. At the same time we believe that many who have the ownership or management of slaves are inveterately cruel, and that their tyranny is practiced upon slaves in a manner that it is not upon any other living thing. We have not been in the habit, however, by any means, of publishing every statement in reference to the abuse of slaves that we have seen or heard, but a fact or two that have recently come to our knowledge from the most reliable authority, we feel it a duty to chronicle. A few days ago, in conversation with a gentleman of the strictest integrity and piety, from the southwestern part of our country, where he has resided for many years, he stated what he had seen with whom he was well acquainted, lived four miles from him, and his treatment of his slaves was cruel in the extreme. One day he returned to his home after an absence of several days, and found that a slave woman had got access to a small amount of butter, which she scraped from a kettle, for her own use. For this he became enraged, gave the poor woman fifty lashes, and then ordered her that those were only half that she was to receive! In fear of more punishment she wandered off from the house, and became at length so swift-footed that she would leap a fence with the agility of a frighted animal. So fearful had she become of her owner, that she was constantly in the habit of turning her head to the right and left, as if anticipating danger. One night, driven by starvation, that slave, said our Christian brother,—came to my house for food. Of course, said he, I gave her all she could eat, and permitted her to sleep in my house that night. The next day, the woman, seeing her master coming toward the house, rushed out and hid herself among the high corn. When the owner was informed by the gentleman that he had given food to his slave, and would always do so, if he found fier suffering, he became so angry as to lose all control of himself, and abused him by the most insulting epithets. At another time this slave-owner remarked, "When I die, I fear I shall go to hell,—and be driven there by my own slaves"!

The gentleman to whom we have alluded, recently arrived in this city. He states that while on the Mississippi river, a week or two ago, in the steamer ——, two firemen, who were slaves, had some angry words together, which called down the mate, who commenced beating one of them with a knotted rope. As our informant was going down to witness the cruel scene, said a bystander, "O, I wouldn't go down, they are only flogging niggers." After inflicting on this negro several severe blows, the slave said, "'Twasn't me, massa. 'twasn't me." On this he commenced beating the other man so severely on his head and body that every blow seemed as if it would be the last before life would become extinct. Yet while these cruel blows were falling, a hard-hearted monster whispered in the negro's ear, "Throw him over—throw him down!" After flogging him for some time, the officer went upon deck. But presently the man who had wished for amusement in seeing the poor black man more severely whipped, went and whispered to the mate. As the result, the mate and four other men went down and took the negro to a secluded end of the boat, where they stripped him of his clothes, and while each of the men held firmly the arms and legs of the slave, the mate, with a rope an inch in thickness, was again beating him most cruelly. This satanic employment was continued till fatigue drove them from their work. During the horrid treatment of this noble-looking slave, not an aggravating word escaped his lips. He only muttered, "Don't! don't! Let me up! let me up!"

In view of such cruelty to slaves, who can but tremble when he remembers that God has said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." Every one conversant with slavery, especially as it exists in certain states, knows that the cruelty of some masters to their slaves is proverbial, and that such facts—and we *know* them to be facts—as we have recorded, are altogether too numerous. Good occasion did a colored woman, who was formerly a slave, have for saying to us once, "You Northerners don't begin to know half of what the slaves suffer." Surely—

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless millions mourn."

Apologists for slavery will perhaps complain of us for publishing these instances of inhumanity: but they may be assured that if the same cruelty had been practiced in this city, upon some dumb beast, we should not only have recorded the facts, but seen that measures were taken which should have led to the merited punishment of such wanton offenders.

Since writing the above, our municipal court in this city has fined a Mr. A. Davis thirty dollars for cruel treatment of a horse. But who will bring to punishment the cruel taskmaster on a cotton plantation or a Mississippi steamboat, when even eye-witnesses will say—"He is only flogging a nigger"?—*Watchman & Reflector.*

Weep not for Her.

> Weep not for her: she was too pure
> For such a world as this;
> No breath of guilt had dared to mar
> Her spirit's holiness;
> But sinless, as the golden flowers
> That yield their breath in tropic bowers,
> Or the bright gems that span the sky,
> Her few but joyous years went by.
>
> Weep not for her: her life was like
> Long months of polar light,
> That glide in fadeless beauty on,
> Undarkened by the night.
> She lived not to behold the dearth
> Of friendship at the social hearth;
> Or, with a crushed and baffled heart,
> To bid hope's darling dreams depart.
>
> Weep not for her: she passed away
> Like music on the sea,
> When wave to answering wave imparts
> The dying melody;
> Like rainbow hues, that leave the earth
> To seek the Fount that gave them birth;
> Or the sweet cherub-forms which bare
> Their bright wings to the lower air.
>
> Weep not for her: the glorious bands
> Of heaven surround her now;
> The wealth of immortality
> Sits smiling on her brow.
> Oh! rather give thy tears to those
> O'er whom long life its shadow throws,
> Whose cares, and griefs, and follies must
> Weigh down the spirit to the dust.
>
> [*Evangelical Magazine.*

Two Years Old.

> Playing on the carpet near me
> Is a little cherub girl;
> And her presence, much I fear me,
> Sets my senses in a whirl;
> For a book is open lying,
> Full of grave philosophizing,
> And I own I'm vainly trying
> There my thoughts to hold;
> But, in spite of my essaying,
> They will evermore be straying
> To that cherub near me playing,
> Only two years old.
>
> With her hair so long and flaxen,
> And her sunny eyes of blue,
> And her cheek so plump and waxen,
> She is charming to the view.
> Then her voice, to all who hear it,
> Breathes a sweet, entrancing spirit;
> Oh! to be forever near it,
> Is a joy untold;
> For 'tis ever sweetly telling
> To my heart, with rapture swelling,
> Of affection inly dwelling—
> Only two years old.
>
> With a new delight I'm hearing
> All her sweet attempts at words,
> In their melody endearing,
> Sweeter far than any bird's;
> And the musical mistaking,
> Which her baby lips are making,
> For my heart a charm is waking,
> Firmer in its hold,
> Than the charm so rich and glowing,
> From the Roman's lip o'erflowing;
> Then she gives a look so knowing,
> Only two years old!
>
> Now her ripe and honeyed kisses
> (Honeyed, ripe, for me alone,)
> Thrill my soul with varied blisses
> Venus never yet hath known.
> When her twining arms are round me,
> All domestic joy hath crowned me,
> And a perfect spell hath bound me
> Never to grow cold.
> Oh! there's not this side of Aiden,
> Aught with loveliness so laden,
> As my little cherub maiden,
> Only two years old!

Wickedness of abusing a Horse.

The sins which we commit, my children, against the brute creatures of God, when we subject them to unnecessary suffering, are sins against God, their Creator. Shall we believe, according to the declaration of his holy word, that a